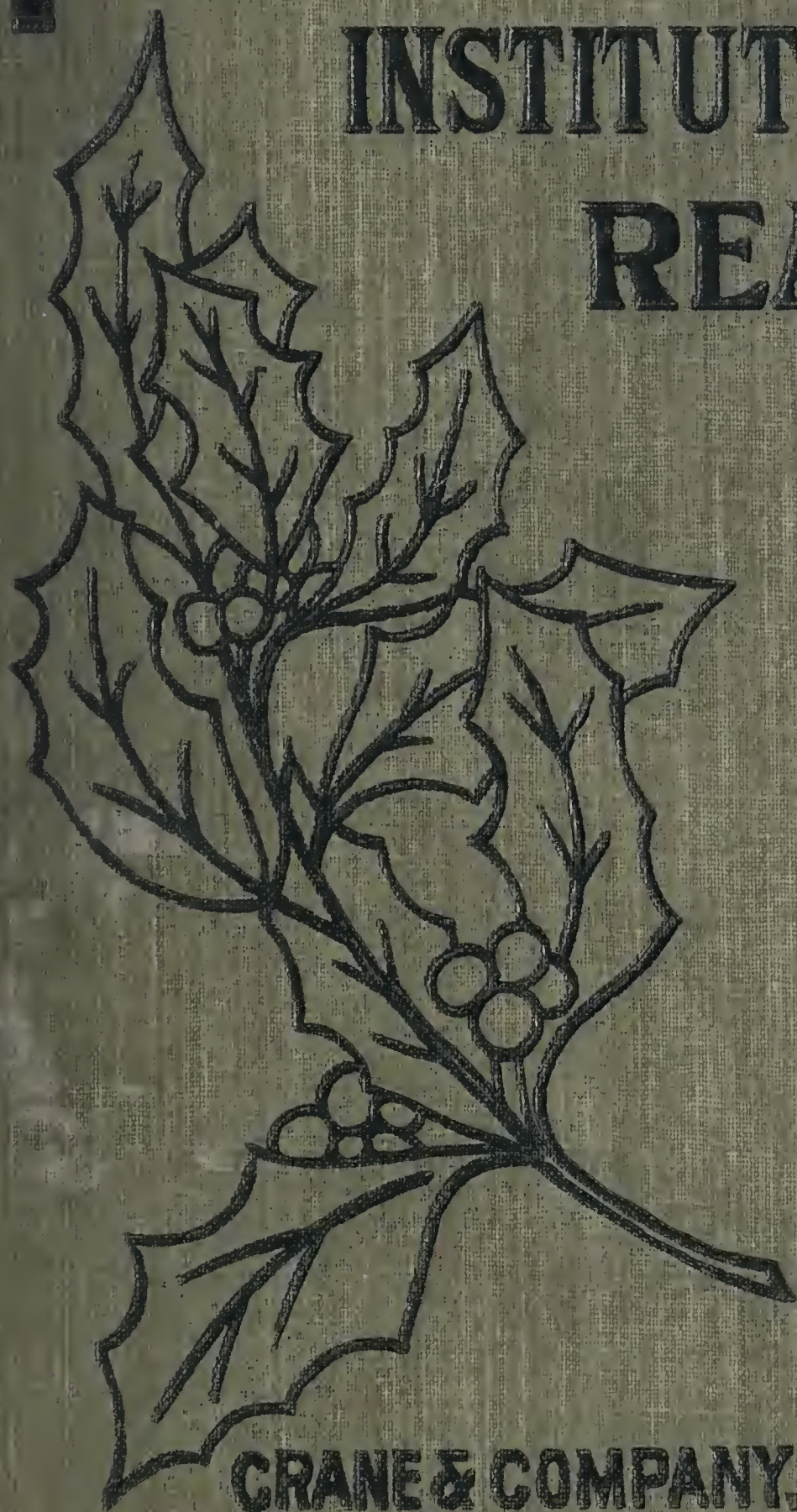


THE CRANE INSTITUTE READER



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Class PE 1121

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THE CRANE
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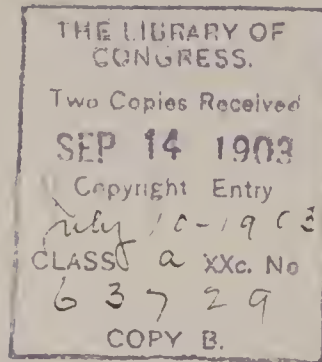
TEACHERS' INSTITUTES

AND ADVANCED WORK IN THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AND FOR
COLLEGES AND HIGH SCHOOLS.



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PREFACE.

THE CRANE INSTITUTE READER has been prepared for use in Teachers' Institutes and in advanced classes in the common or higher schools.

It may be used as a supplemental book with any series of readers.

Very many readers are deficient in the definitions and the principles of reading, and where such readers are used this little book will prove of inestimable value to both teacher and pupil.

The book, however, will find its proper field in the Teachers' Normal Institute, where teachers are being trained for teaching reading and other kindred subjects.

In teaching reading there are certain principles to be observed and rules to be followed, if the best results are to be obtained. An earnest effort has been made to thoroughly systematize the subject of reading and reduce to a concise form the various definitions and principles usually given.

The fifteen preliminary lessons of the book consist of carefully arranged outlines, concise definitions and apt illustrations, and should be assigned the class for study in connection with some of the selections given in the latter part of the book. Great care has been taken in the choice of these selections, and among them will be found some of the choicest productions of literature.

TEACHING READING.

READING IN FIRST AND SECOND READER GRADES.

Probably the most difficult work the teacher has to perform is *teaching beginners to read*. Not many teachers seem to realize the conditions which confront the primer class when they first open the pages of their books and gaze upon characters, to them as unintelligible as the characters of the Chinese language to the teacher.

In the work of teaching beginners to read, the true teacher soon discovers that there are many obstacles, a few of which may be pointed out.

The first serious obstacle met is the *alphabet* with its *twenty-six* letters representing *forty-four* different sounds. There should be, in a perfect alphabet, a character for every sound.

The letters which compose a word are no indication of its pronunciation, as the following words will bear witness: *rough*, *bough*, *slough*, *trough*, and *hiccough*.

This difficulty has existed ever since the formation of the English language, and there seems at the present to be no relief or way of escape. A debt of gratitude will be due the person who first invents, and *will get into general use*, a perfect English alphabet.

Another obstacle in the way of the beginner is the different forms of the same letters, capital and lower-case, now commonly used.

Can the eye of the child, *or can the teacher*, detect any relationship of form existing between the capital letter A and the lower-case a? Or between the capital D and small d, with the projecting part of the letter changed to the other side of the stem?

How soon the children learn C c, O o, S s, X x, and other letters seen in the single form! The lower-case letters, a, b, d, e, f, g, h, l, m, n, q, r, and t, should be discarded as soon as possible.

Another obstacle is the number of methods used by different teachers, all of which are in due time *inflicted* on the child; and this brings us to a consideration of these methods, which are the *Alphabet, Phonic, Word, Object, Sentence* and *Eclectic* methods, the advantages of which will be given, together with some of the objections to each.

The **Alphabet Method** can lay claim, perhaps, to age, being the longest in use. In this method the letters are made the basis, and are taught first; afterward, they are combined into words.

Advantages are:

- 1st. Letters must sooner or later be learned.
- 2d. It is claimed that better spellers are produced.
- 3d. It is claimed that the word will be remembered better, having been constructed from that which is known.

Objections are:

1st. The name of the letter is no indication of its sound in the word; as a in hăt.

2d. It is claimed that words may as readily be learned as letters, hence the delay in progress caused by learning to *name letters*.

In the **Phonic Method** the pupil is first taught the elementary sound, and the character which represents it as found in the phonic alphabet. This alphabet contains *forty-four* characters, each representing a separate sound, and would be, if in general use, a perfect alphabet of the English language.

The following objections are urged against it:

1st. That the new characters used to represent the sounds are just as arbitrary and unintelligible to the child as the common letters; also, there are many more of them.

2d. That it is a difficult matter to get a child to give the sound of a letter alone. For example, when a child says "*dog*," his mind at once associates the animal with the word; but now require him to give the sound of *o* in *dog*, and he gets no idea whatever.

3d. That the propriety of teaching children a number of arbitrary signs for which they will have no use in after life, is at least questionable.

The **Word Method** takes the *word* as a basis of learning, and words are taught as wholes without reference to the letters which compose them. The child is thus taught to read before he knows a single letter. The letters are afterwards taught by analyzing the words learned.

Its advantages are:

1st. Experience has proven that a child will recognize a word as readily as a letter.

2d. Words represent ideas, and are not meaningless characters as letters are.

3d. Ideas or objects represented by the word tend to fix them in the pupil's mind.

Objections are:

1st. A word is not a simple form, but is complex, and many words are similar.

2d. Very many words must be learned,—from three to five hundred in the ordinary first reader.

In the **Object Method** the object, or picture, is taken as a basis from which to teach the word. It is really the *word method* illustrated by object or picture, to help impress the idea upon the mind of the child.

Advantages are:

1st. The child can readily see the use of words.

2d. The object impresses the word on the memory.

Objections are much the same as to the *word method*, of which this is only a form. Many words, such as verbs, adverbs, and adjectives, cannot be represented by this method.

In the **Sentence Method** the sentence is taken as the basis, and thought is presented at once to the child by means of the complete sentence, which is later analyzed into words, letters, etc. The advantages claimed for this method are that many of the simpler words, such as *is*, *to*, *the*, and *was*, not being the names of objects, are unintelligible to the child unless *in a sentence*.

Objections are: The mind of the child entering school cannot grasp the ideas contained in many sentences; also, that many difficult words must be learned in order to get the simpler words.

All of the foregoing methods have had their earnest advocates, and the great mistake has been that *one* was used to the *exclusion of all the rest*. The best teachers of to-day have, *with good judgment*, selected the strong points of all these methods, and

have combined them, forming what they are pleased to call the *combined* or *eclectic method*.

The **Eclectic Method** of teaching reading combines the *letter*, *word*, *object* and *sentence* methods, and is being used by the best teachers at the present time. The method as used is as follows:

1. Show the children some familiar object, as a *box*.
2. Ask questions about it.
3. Ask them to give its *name*.
4. Show them a *picture* of a box.
5. Print the word *box* on the blackboard in colored crayon, or show them the word in the book or on a chart. A word or two each day is sufficient.
6. Teach the distinction between the *box*, the *picture* of the box, and the *word*, box.
7. Require the children to pronounce the word slowly, so as to separate the sounds of the letters.
8. Teach the names of the letters in the word incidentally. Write them in script, or show them *the letters* standing by themselves, and require the children to find them among a number of other letters, or from reading-boxes.

The eclectic method should be used by all teachers of primary reading, and if supplemented by the ingenuity and tact of the teacher, good results will be secured.

Diacritical marking of the letters is now taught by many teachers in the first-reader grade, and this is, we believe, approved by our best educators. So also should the *script* be taught from the very first. There are many advantages in teaching both script and diacritical marking, which will be evident to every teacher.

READING IN THE THIRD READER GRADE.

Having opened the gateways of knowledge to the pupils by the use of the first and second readers, they become eager to gather information for themselves by means of reading. On this account the third reader should be a book of information. The great field of nature should be well represented in the third reader.

In no other grade is reading so sadly neglected, both in city and country, as in the third-reader grade.

As to the methods to be used in this grade, fewer differences exist among teachers. The pupil has now mastered the pronunciation of seven or eight hundred words,—more, probably, than he will ever acquire, *in the same time*, during his whole life.

Diacritical markings should be carefully studied, and their use explained.

Definition of words should be required, and synonyms given in order that the vocabulary may be increased as rapidly as possible. Pupils should be taught to use the dictionary.

Language work should be made a specialty by requiring the pupils to reproduce orally the thought of the lesson, thus using the vocabulary which they have learned.

Punctuation should be taught, not only by referring to it in the text-book, but in the written exercises required the punctuation should be carefully examined and corrected.

Written work should be required, not only for practice in penmanship, but that the pupils may have practice in thought and composition.

Methods which may be used in this grade of work are as follows:

1. Require the class to close books, and, in turn, from memory, reproduce the lesson orally.
2. Require written reproductions of the lesson to be read in class.
3. Require class to give definitions or synonyms to words in lesson.
4. For drill in punctuation, have the class read in turn the parts of the lesson between the pauses.
5. To cultivate attention, require the class to watch for errors while others read.
6. Appoint a critic for position, one for voice, one for pronunciation, one for pauses, and one for expression,—calling on them for reports as the pupils read.

READING.

LESSON I.

GENERAL DEFINITIONS.

1. **An alphabet** is a series of letters or signs which form the elements of written language.

2. **Letters** are characters used to represent elementary sounds.

3. **An elementary sound** is the simplest sound of the language.

4. **A vowel sound** is one made with the vocal organs open.

5. **A diphthong** is the union of two vowel sounds, pronounced in one syllable.

6. **A consonant sound** is one which is partially obstructed by the organs of speech.

7. **A syllable** is a letter or combination of letters uttered with a single impulse of the voice.

8. **A word** consists of a syllable or syllables, and represents an idea.

9. **A spoken word** is a sound or sounds representing an idea.

10. **A written word** is a letter or letters so arranged as to represent an idea.

11. **A language** is represented either by words, signs, or characters.

12. **A sentence** is a collection of words making complete sense.

13. **Reading** is the comprehension and transmission of thought from the written or printed page, and is of two kinds, *silent* and *audible*.

14. **Silent reading** is comprehending or interpreting the thoughts of an author from the written or printed page.

15. **Audible reading** is the correct interpretation of thought from the written or printed page, and the transmission of this thought to others by means of the organs of speech.

16. **Elocution** consists in the natural expression of thought by speech and gesture.

17. **Position** has reference to the attitude of the body while reading or speaking, and is closely allied to gesture.

18. **Gesture** is that part of the speaker's manner which pertains to the use and carriage of his person, and the movement of his limbs, in delivery.

19. **Facial expression** has reference to the appearance of the countenance while rendering thought.

20. **A tonic element** is an unobstructed tone.

21. **A subtonic element** is an obstructed tone.

22. **An atonic element** is without vocality.

23. **Pronunciation** is the correct sounding and joining of the elements of words.

24. **Enunciation** is the mode of utterance, especially as to fullness and distinctness of articulation.

READING.

SILENT.

1. *Comprehension of thought...* {
1. Eye.
2. Imagination.
3. Emotions.
2. *Judgment* {
1. Appropriation of thought.
2. Rejection of thought.

AUDIBLE.

1. *Comprehension of thought...* {
1. Eye.
2. Imagination.
3. Emotions.
2. *Transmission of thought....* {
1. Articulation.
2. Emphasis ... {
1. Absolute.
2. Relative.
3. Inflection ... {
1. Rising.
2. Falling.
3. Circumflex.
4. Voice {
1. Forms {
1. Effusive.
2. Explosive.
3. Explosive.
2. Qualities {
1. Pure {
1. Simple Pure.
2. Orotund.
2. Impure ... {
1. Pectoral.
2. Guttural.
3. Tremulous.
4. Aspirate.
5. Falsetto.
5. Modulation {
1. Low.
2. Middle.
3. High.
6. Position of Body. {
1. Subdued.
2. Moderate.
3. Energetic.
4. Sustained.
7. Gesture {
1. Conversational.
2. Oratorical.
3. Dramatic.
8. Facial Expression. {
1. Slow.
2. Moderate.
3. Rapid.
4. Rate {
1. Radical.
2. Final.
3. Median.
5. Stress {
4. Thorough.
5. Compound.
6. Intermittent.

LESSON II.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the correct utterance of the elementary sounds of a language.

Sounds are of three kinds — *vocal*, *subvocal*, and *aspirate*.

Vocals are sounds which consist of pure tone only.

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

VOCALS.

ā	āte	ē	ēat	ī	īce
ă	sĕn'āte	ĕ	ĕ vēnt'	î	î dĕ'â
ǣ	ǣt	ě	ěnd	ĩ	ĩt
â	âir	ê	hêir	ī	sīr
ä	äre	ē	ēarn	ï	pïque
à	ask	e	eigh <u>t</u>	ȳ	mȳ
ạ	all	ōō	mōon	ÿ	hÿ ē'nà
ạ	waş	ốố	gốod	ỹ	pō'nỹ
a = ă	any				
	ō	old	ū	ūse	
	ō	ō bey'	ũ	ũ nĕte'	
	ố	ốdd	ũ	ũs	
	ọ	dọ	ụ	rụle	
	ọ	eọuld	ụ	pụt	
	ò	dòve	û	ûrn	
	ô	ôr			

DIPHTHONGS.

oi, oy, as in coin, boy. ou, ow, as in noun, now.

Subvocals or subtonics, are those in which the vocalized breath is more or less obstructed by the organs of speech.

Aspirates, or atonics, are mere emissions of breath, and may be modified by the organs of speech.

Cognates are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs in a similar position.

Cognate Sounds, or related sounds, are those produced with the organs of speech in a similar position. The following is a table of the

SUBVOCALS.		COGNATE SOUNDS.		ASPIRATES.	
b,	as in babe;	similar to	p,	as in	rap.
d,	“ “ rod;	“ “	t,	“ “	at.
g,	“ “ fog;	“ “	k,	“ “	book.
j,	“ “ judge;	“ “	ch,	“ “	chat.
v,	“ “ live;	“ “	f,	“ “	file.
th,	“ “ them;	“ “	th,	“ “	myth.
z,	“ “ buzz;	“ “	s,	“ “	sink.
zh,	“ “ azure;	“ “	sh,	“ “	shine.

REMARK.—These sixteen sounds make eight pairs of *cognate* sounds. In articulating the aspirates, the vocal organs are put in the position required for the articulation of the corresponding subvocals; but the breath is expelled without the utterance of any vocal sound.

The following subvocals and aspirate have no cognates:

l,	as in	mill.	ng,	as in	ring.
m,	“ “	him.	r, (rough)	“ “	rule.
n,	“ “	pin.	r, (smooth)	“ “	far.
			y,	“ “	yes.

ASPIRATE.

h, as in hat.

Substitutes, or alphabetic equivalents, are characters used to represent sounds ordinarily represented by other characters.

TABLE OF SUBSTITUTES.

a for ě, as in many.	e for k, as in eăp.
ă " ǒ, " what.	çh " sh, " măçhine.
ê " â, " thêre.	eh " k, " ehôrd.
e " ā, " freight.	ġ " j, " eāġe.
î " ē, " pōliçe.	n " ng, " rĭnk.
ī " ē, " sîr.	s " z, " rōse.
ô " ŭ, " sôn.	s " sh, " suġar.
o " ǒǒ, " tǒ.	x " z, " Xēnia.
o " ǒǒ, " wǒuld.	x " gz, " ěxămine.
ô " ă, " eôrn.	x " ks, " ăx.
u " ǒǒ, " pull.	gh " f, " lăugh.
û " ē, " ûrġe.	ph " f, " sŷlph.
u " ĭ, " buşŷ.	qu " k, " pĭque.
ȳ " ĭ, " mȳ.	qu " kw, " quĭck.
ŷ " ĭ, " hŷmn.	wh " h, " whǒ.
ç " s, " çĭte.	wh " hw, " whĕn.
e " ĭ, " pretty.	ew " ū, " new.

Vowels are letters which represent sounds made with the vocal organs open. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u*; *w* and *y* represent either vowel or consonant sounds.

Consonants are letters which represent sounds obstructed in utterance by the vocal organs. They are of two kinds, simple and compound. The simple consonants include all the letters of the alphabet except the vowels. The compound consonants are *ch*, *gh*, *ph*, *sh*, *th*, *wh*, *zh*, and *ng*.

Labials are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* may be regarded as a nasal labial, as its sound is affected by the nose. *F* and *v* are labia-dentals.

Dentals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

Linguals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; *y*, a lingua-palatal; and *th*, a lingua-dental.

Palatals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate; they are *g* and *k*; *ng* combined is a nasal-palatal.

Cognate sounds are represented by letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar position: thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*, *k* of *g*, etc.

Alphabetic equivalents are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements or sounds: thus, *i* in *pique* is an equivalent of *e*.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

Bring me some ice; not some mice.

A big black bug bit a big black bear.

Life's fitful fever over, he rests well.

Eight great gray geese grazing gayly into Greece.

He sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings for sale.

Five wise wives weave withered withes.

Some shun sunshine; do you shun sunshine?

She sells sea-shells; do you sell sea-shells?

Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascals rudely ran.

Booth's youths with truths use wicked oaths.

Pluma placed a pewter platter on a pile of plates. Where is the pretty
pewter platter Pluma placed upon the pile of plates?

A shot-silk sash shop.

A sure sign of sunshine.

He built him an ice house.

He built him a nice house.

My heart is *awed* within me.
 My heart is *sawed* within me.
 A *great* error often exists.
 A *great* terror often exists.
 He is content in either situation.
 He is content in *neither* situation.
 My brothers ought to owe *nothing*.
 My brothers sought to *own* nothing.
 He was *trained* in the religion of his fathers.
 He was *strained* in the religion of his fathers.
 "Sad angler; sad dangler."

LESSON III.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT.

Accent is the peculiar force or stress given to one or more syllables of a word in its pronunciation, and is marked thus, [']. There are two kinds, *primary* and *secondary*.

The primary accent is the principal accent; as, *hab'it*.

The secondary accent is a slighter accent given to a syllable when two or more syllables in the same word are accented, as, *hab'i TA'tion*, where the third syllable has the primary or principal accent. The first syllable has the secondary accent.

Parts of speech are often distinguished by accent alone.

EXAMPLES.

Why does your *ab'sent* friend *absent'* himself?

Did he *abstract'* an *ab'stract* of your speech from the desk?

Note the mark of *ac'cent*, and *accent'* the right syllable.

Desert' us not in the *des'ert*.

If that *proj'ect* fail, he will *project'* another.

My *in'crease* is taken to *increase'* your wealth.

Perfume' the room with rich *per'fume*.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

The ordinary accent of words is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.

He did not say a new *ad'*dition, but a new *e'*dition.

I said that she will *sus'*pect the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'*pect it.

He that *de'*scended is also the same that *as'*cended.

This corruptible must put on *in'*corruption; and this moria! must put on *im'*mortality.

EMPHASIS.

“’Tis not enough the *voice*` be sound and clear’—

’Tis *modulation*’ that must charm the ear.

When desperate heroes grieve with tedious moan,

And whine their sorrows in a seesaw tone,

The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes

Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express

That marks the proper word with proper stress;

But none emphatic can that speaker call,

Who lays an *equal* emphasis on *all*.”

Emphasis is the peculiar force or stress of voice given to one or more words of a sentence.

To give a word emphasis, is to pronounce it in a *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone, however, is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by *prolonging* the *vowel sounds*, by a *pause*, or even by a *whisper*.

Emphatic words are often printed in *italics*; those more emphatic, in SMALL CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in CAPITALS.

Emphasis is of two kinds: *absolute* and *relative*, or *anti*thetic.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

Where the emphasis is independent of any contrast or comparison with other words or ideas, it is called *absolute emphasis*.

EXAMPLES.

I know but *one* country. I was *born* an American; I *live* an American; I shall *die* an American.

I shall sing the praises of *October*, as the *loveliest* of months.

The *young* are slaves to *novelty*; the *old*, to *custom*; the *middle-aged*, to *both*; the *dead*, to *neither*.

They come! *to arms!* TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

None but the *brave*, none but the BRAVE, none but the BRAVE deserve the fair.

The *thunders of heaven* are sometimes heard to *roll* in the *voice of a united people*.

If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a foreign troop remained in my country I NEVER would lay down my arms — *never*, NEVER, NEVER.

The *war is inevitable* — and LET IT COME! I repeat it, Sir, — LET IT COME!

I know not what course *others* may take, but as for *me*, give me LIBERTY, or give me DEATH!

The combat deepens! On, ye brave,

Who rush to *glory* or the *grave*!

Rise — fellow-men! our *country* — yet remains!

By that dread name we wave the sword on high,

And swear *for her* — to *live* — *with her* — to *die*.

RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

Where there is antithesis, either expressed or implied, the emphasis is called *relative*.

EXAMPLES.

We can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth.

But I am describing ~~your~~ *your* condition, rather than my *own*.

I fear not *death*, and shall I then fear *thee*?

Hunting *men*, and not *beasts*, shall be his game.

He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours* only, but for the sins of the *whole world*.

John was punished; *William*, rewarded.

Without were *fightings*, *within* were *fears*.

Business sweetens *pleasure*, as *labor* sweetens *rest*.

Justice appropriates *rewards* to *merit*, and *punishments* to *crime*.

LESSON IV.

INFLECTIONS.

Inflections of the voice are its slidings upward or downward, or both, to indicate emphasis or to fully express the thought.

Inflections are of three kinds: *rising*, *falling*, and the *circumflex*.

The rising inflection is the upward sliding of the voice in the pronunciation of a word; as, Do you like apples? [marked thus: apples'.]

The falling inflection is the downward sliding of the voice in the pronunciation of a word; as, I do like apples`.

The circumflex is the union of the two inflections in the same word or syllable, and is used in the language of irony or scorn: as, You must take me for a fôol to think I would do thât. Marks [˘ˆ].

The monotone, which is a succession of words on the same key or pitch, and is not properly an inflection, is often employed in passages of solemn denunciation, sublime description, or expressing deep reverence and awe. It is marked with the short horizontal dash over the accented vowel; as,

And one cried unto another, and said, Hôly, hôly, hôly is the Lôrd of hôsts. The whôle eârth is fûll of his glôry.

RULES FOR INFLECTION.

I. Direct questions, or those that can be answered by yes or no, generally require the *rising inflection*, and their answers the falling.

EXAMPLES.

Do you think he will come to-day'? No`; I think he will not`.

Was that Henry'? No`; it was John`.

Did you see William'? Yes`, I did`.

MODIFICATIONS OF RULE I.

NOTE I.—Answers that are given in a careless or indifferent manner, or in a tone of slight disrespect, take the rising inflection in all cases.

Examples.—Did you see William`? I did'.—What did he say to you`? Not much'.

NOTE II.—Direct questions, when they have the nature of an appeal, or are spoken in an exclamatory manner, take the *falling* inflection. In these cases the voice often falls *below* the general pitch, contrary to the general rule for the falling inflection.

Examples.—Is not that a beautiful sight`?—Will you persist in doing it`?—Is it right`?—Is it just`?

NOTE III.—When a direct question is not understood, and is *repeated* with emphasis, the repeated question takes the falling inflection.

Examples.—Will you speak to him to-day'? If the question is not understood, it is repeated with the falling inflection, thus: Will you speak to him to-day`?—Are you going to Salem'? I said; Are you going to Salem`?

II. The pause of *suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished, such as a succession of particulars that are *not emphatic*, cases of direct address, sentences implying condition, and the case absolute, generally require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

John', James', and William', come here.

The great', the good', the honored', the noble', the wealthy', alike pass away.

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears.

Jesus saith unto him, Simon', son of Jonas', lovest thou me'?

III. Indirect questions, or those which cannot be answered by yes or no, generally require the falling inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

When did you see him`? Yesterday`.

When will he come again`? To-morrow`.

Who say the people that I am`? They answering, said, John the Baptist`; but some say Elias`; and others say that one of the old prophets` is risen again.

NOTE.—But when the indirect question is one asking a *repetition* of what was not at first understood, it takes the *rising* inflection. "What did he say`?" is an indirect question, with the falling inflection, asking for information. But if I myself *heard* the person speak, and did not fully understand him, and then ask some person to *repeat* what he said, I give my question the *rising* inflection, thus: "What` did he say'?"

IV. A completion of the sense, whether at the close or at any other part of the sentence, usually requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

He that saw me' saw you also`, and he who aided me once' will aid me again`.

NOTE.—But when strong emphasis, with the falling inflection, comes near the close of a sentence, the voice often takes the rising inflection at the close.

Examples.—If William does not come, I think John` will be here'.—If he *should* come, *what`* would you do'?

CASSIUS: What night is this? CASCA: A very pleasing night to *honest'* men`.

V. Words and clauses connected by the disjunctive, *or*, generally require the rising inflection before the disjunctive, and

the falling after it. Where several words are thus connected *in the same clause*, the rising inflection is given to all except the last.

EXAMPLES.

Will you go', or stay'? I will go'. Will you go in the buggy', or the carriage', or the cars', or the coach'? I will go in the cars'.

He may study law', or medicine', or divinity'; *or*', he may enter into trade'.

NOTE I.—When the disjunctive *or* is made emphatic, with the falling inflection, it is followed by the rising inflection, in accordance with the note to Rule IV; as, "He *must* have traveled for health, *or*' pleasure'."

Examples.—He must either *work*', *or*' study'.—He must be a *mechanic*, *or*' a lawyer'.—He must get his living in *one* way, *or*' the other'.

NOTE II.—When *or* is used *conjunctively*, and no contrast is denoted by it, it requires the *rising* inflection *after* as well as before it, except when the clause or sentence expresses a *completion* of the sense.

Example.—Did he give you money', or food', or clothing'? No', he gave me nothing'.

VI. When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former takes the rising and the latter the falling inflection, in whatever order they occur. Comparison and contrast (*antithesis*) come under the same head.

EXAMPLES.

I did not *hear* him', I saw him'.—I said he was a good soldier', not' a good citizen'.—He will not come to-day', but to-morrow'.—He did not call me', but you'.—He means dutiful', not undutiful'.—I come to *bury* Cæsar', not to *praise* him'.

This is no time for a tribunal of justice', but for showing mercy'; not for accusation', but for philanthropy'; not for trial', but for pardon'; not for sentence and execution', but for compassion and kindness'.

COMPARISON AND CONTRAST.

Homer was the greater genius', Virgil the better artist'; in the one we most admire the man', in the other the work'.—There were tyrants at home', and robbers abroad'.

VII. For the sake of variety and harmony, the last pause but one in a sentence is usually preceded by the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

The minor longs to be of age`; then to be a man of business`; then to arrive at honors'; then to retire`.

Time taxes our health`, our limbs`, our faculties`, our strength', and our features`.

VIII. 1ST. A COMMENCING SERIES.

In an *emphatic series of particulars*, where the series begins the sentence, but does not either end it or form complete sense, every particular *except the last* should have the falling inflection.

EXAMPLE.

Our disordered hearts`, our guilty passions`, our violent prejudices`, and misplaced desires', are the instruments of the trouble which we endure.

2D. A CONCLUDING SERIES.

When the series ends the sentence, or forms complete sense, every particular in the series, *except the last but one*, should have the falling inflection; and indeed *all* should have it, if the closing member of the series is of sufficient length to admit a pause with the rising inflection, before the end.

EXAMPLE.

Charity suffereth long', and is kind`; charity *envieth* not`, charity *vaunteth* not itself`; is not puffed up`; doth not behave itself *unseemly`; seeketh* not her *own`*; is not easily *provoked'*; thinketh no *evil`*.

IX. Expressions of *tender* emotion, such as grief, pity, kindness, gentle joy, a gentle reproof, gentle appeal, gentle entreaty or expostulation, etc., commonly require a gentle *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Mary'! Mary'! do` not do so'.

My mother'! when I learned that thou wast dead',
Say`, wast thou conscious' of the tears' I shed'?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son',
Wretch even then', life's journey just begun'?

X. Expressions of *strong* emotion, such as the language of exclamation (not designed as a question), authority, surprise, distress, denunciation, lamentation, earnest entreaty, command, reproach, terror, anger, hatred, envy, revenge, etc., and strong affirmation, require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

What a piece of work is man`! How noble in reason`! how infinite in faculties`! in action', how like an angel`! in apprehension', how like a god`!

My lords, I am *amazed`*; yes, my lords, I am *amazed`* at his Grace's speech.

Woe unto you, Pharisees`! Woe unto you, Scribes`!

I *dare`* accusation. I *defy`* the honorable gentleman.

I'd rather be a *dog`*, and bay the *moon`*, than such a Roman.

NOTE.—When exclamatory sentences become questions, they require the rising inflection.

Examples.—*What* are you saying'?—*Where* are you going'?—They planted by *your* care'? No! your oppressions planted them in America`!

THE CIRCUMFLEX.

XI. Hypothetical expressions, sarcasm, and irony, and sentences *implying* a comparison or contrast that is not fully expressed, often require a union of the two inflections on the same syllable.

EXAMPLES.

If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungôdly and the sinner appear?

I grant you I was dôwn and out of brêath; and so was hê.

They bôast they come but to imprôve our state, enlârgè our thoughts, and frêe us from the yoke of êrror! Yês, thêy will give enlightened frêedom to ôur minds, who are themsêlves the slâves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us protêction! yês, sùch protection as vûltures give to lambs — covering and devouring them! Tell your invaders we seek no change — and least of all sùch change as thêy would bring us!

LESSON V.

VOICE.

Voice is produced by the action of the breath on the vocal cords.

FORM OF VOICE.

Form of voice refers to the manner in which the sound is emitted from the organs of speech.

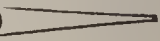
There are three *forms* of voice: the *effusive*, *expulsive*, and *explosive*.

The effusive form has a gentle beginning, gentle continuation, and a gentle ending, and is represented thus: O_____

Give *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, effusively.

EXAMPLES.

1. Methinks I love all common things —
 The common air, the common flower;
 The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
 From hearts that have no other dower,
 No other wealth, no other power,
 Save love: and will not that repay
 For all else fortune tears away?
2. Oh, show me where is He,
 The high and holy One,
 To whom thou bend'st the knee,
 And pray'st, "Thy will be done!"

The expulsive form of voice has an abrupt beginning but a gentle ending, and is represented thus: O 

Give *a, e, i, o, u*, expulsively.

It is used in language of *firmness, determination, argument*, and in common conversation.

EXAMPLES.

Firmness.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote!

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and to leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am *for* the Declaration. It is my living sentiment; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment: independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

Determination.

1. Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Argument.

2. I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave!

The explosive form of voice has an abrupt beginning and an abrupt ending.

It is used in language of *rage, scorn, joy, or terror*.

Give *a, e, i, o, u*, explosively.

EXAMPLES.

Rage.

1. Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Gehenna of the waters! thou sea of Sodom!

Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!

Thee and thy serpent seed!

(*To the executioner:*) Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
Strike — and but once!

2. *Strike* — till the last armed foe *expires*;
STRIKE — for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE — for the green graves of your sires,
God — and your *native land*!

Scorn.

1. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And — "This to me!" he said —
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
Even in thy *pitch of pride*,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near
I tell thee, *thou 'rt defied*!
And if thou said'st I am not *peer*
To *any lord* in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
2. No! Thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!

Joy.

Joyous ideas should have fast time, loud force, lively, smooth stress, pure quality, long slides, higher pitch, and wide range of melody.

1. You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year —
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
2. Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"RING!" he shouts aloud; "RING, Grandpa!
RING! OH, RING FOR LIBERTY!"
3. SHOUT! SHOUT! my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy.
Cheer answer cheer, and bear the cheer about!
HURRAH! HURRAH! for the fiery fort is ours.
"VICTORY!" "VICTORY!" "VICTORY!" is the shout.

Terror.

Up with your ladders! Quick! 't is but a chance! Behold, how fast the
roaring flames advance! Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly!
Up! up! men! all! this hero must not die!

LESSON VI.

QUALITY.

Quality is the kind of tone, and is divided into *pure* and *impure*. The *pure* is subdivided into *simple pure* and *orotund*; the *impure* is subdivided into *pectoral*, *guttural*, *tremulous*, *aspirate*, and *falsetto*.

PURE TONE.

Pure tone is formed with the vocal organs in their natural position, and is used in *common conversation* and *simple narration*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Over the river they beckon to me;
Loved ones who have passed to the further side.
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.

There was one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He passed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see—
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

2. When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And the school for the day is dismissed,
 And the little ones gather around me
 To bid me good-night and be kissed;
 Oh, the little white arms that encircle
 My neck in a tender embrace!
 Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

OROTUND TONE.

The orotund is a round, full tone, being the maximum of the pure quality, and is produced with the throat open and the cavity of the mouth enlarged.

It is used in expressing the language of *awe*, *sublimity*, *grandeur*, and *courage*.

EXAMPLES.

Awe.

1. O righteous heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine *arm*, O Vengeance, where thy *rod*,
 That smote the foes of *Zion* and of *God*?
2. O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating blight!
 Thou only God, there is no god beside!
 Being above all things, mighty One,
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with thyself alone,—
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!

Sublimity and Grandeur.

1. The sky is changed! and such a change! O Night,
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From *peak* to *peak*, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! — not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain *now* hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
2. Oh! teach *me* who is God, and where *his* glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call *thy* Father *mine*.

Courage.

1. And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said,
“Let the carrion rot: there are no noble men but Romans.” And so,
fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome!
thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor,
gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-
note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint,—taught him to drive the sword
through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow
of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion,
even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back until the
yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood
lies curdled!

2. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, *once more*;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
Oh, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinew—summon up the blood—
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend to the eye a terrible aspect;
Aye, set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! *On, on*, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war proof;
Cry, Heaven, for Harry, England and St. George!

IMPURE TONE.

Impure tone is the pure tone modified by the position of the organs of speech.

PECTORAL TONE.

The pectoral is a harsh, husky tone, produced by a rigid contraction of the muscles of the throat and chest. It is used in expressing *horror*, *hatred* and *malice*, or *despair*.

EXAMPLES.

Horror.

1. Oh! I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of *ugly sights*,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
2. So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a Foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

Hatred and Malice.

I *loathe* you in my bosom!
I *scorn* you with mine eye!
I'll taunt you with my *latest breath*,
And *fight* you till I die.

Despair.

I shall despair! There is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

GUTTURAL TONE.

The guttural tone is produced by a resonance in the throat, resembling the growling of wild beasts. It is used to express *extreme anger, hatred, or contempt.*

EXAMPLES.

Extreme Anger.

1. You common cry of curs! whose *breath* I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens — whose *loves* I prize
 As the dead carcasses of *unburied men*,
 That do corrupt my air — *I banish you!*
2. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire;
 And — "*This to me!*" he said, —
 "An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To *cleave the Douglas' head!*"

Hatred or Contempt.

1. How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I *hate* him for that he is a Christian;
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
 The *rate of usance* with us here in Venice.
 If I but catch him once upon the hip,
 I will *feed fat* the ancient grudge I bear him!
2. Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
 Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
 Thou wear a lion's hide?
 Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
 A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

TREMULOUS TONE.

The tremulous tone is one in which the flow of the voice is broken. The vowels, instead of being uttered smoothly, are made up of a succession of impulses.

EXAMPLES.

1. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
Oh, give relief, and heaven will bless your store.
2. Farewell! a long farewell! to all my greatness.
3. Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim;
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh! I am so dry:
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again — and mother, don't you cry.

ASPIRATE TONE.

The aspirate tone is a whispered utterance with little or no vocality. Its characteristic is *distinctness*, and what is lost in *vocality* is made up in *distinctness*. It is used to denote *secrecy*, *fear*, or *revenge*.

EXAMPLES.

Secrecy.

1. Speak softly!
All's hushed as midnight yet.
See'st thou here?
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise! and enter.
2. How ill this taper burns!
Ha! who comes here?
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror!*
3. The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfry place,
And whisper, in an undertone,
“*Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.*”

4. "Is all prepared?—speak soft and low."

"All ready! We have sent the men,
As you appointed, to the place."

5. And the bride-maidens whispered, "*'T were better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.*"

Fear.

1. Hush! Keep still! Don't breathe a loud word! They little suspect where we are. How eagerly they seek to find us!

2. "Simpson, go below and see what's the matter."

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "*Captain, the ship is on fire.*"

"*Is there any danger?*"

"*Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward, if you would save your lives.*"

Revenge.

1. I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!

You've injured me before the clan;
And naught but *blood* shall wipe away
The *shame* I have endured this day.

2. "*Clarence is eome—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury!
Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!*"

FALSETTO TONE.

Falsetto is generally produced above the natural tone, and is used in the imitation of *high female voices*, in the *voices of children*, and in *affectation, terror*, etc.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon-seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"

While echo faint and far replies,—
“Hark, O! hark, O!”
“Charco’!” — “Hark, O!” — Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

LESSON VII.

MODULATION.

“’Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear—
’Tis modulation that must charm the ear.”

Modulation consists in the adaptation of speech to the sentiment it is designed to convey. The ordinary changes or modulations are *pitch*, *compass*, *force*, *rate*, *stress*, and *inflections*.

QUALITY.—Quality refers to kind of voice and its relation to the kind or quality of sentiment. It properly belongs to modulation.

PITCH.

Pitch is the elevation or depression of voice in expressing thought.

There are three general kinds of pitch: *low*, *middle*, and *high*.

Every person, in reading or speaking, assumes a certain pitch, which may be either *high* or *low*, according to circumstances, and which has a governing influence on the variations of the voice, above and below it. This degree of elevation is usually called the **KEY-NOTE**.

EXERCISES IN PITCH.

Let some one of the class skilled in music give the following exercise first, then all read; then three or four may read together, each in a different pitch, using first, third, fifth, and eighth tones.

8.	do	•	a	e	i	o	u.
7.	si	— • —	a	e	i	o	u.
6.	la	•	a	e	i	o	u.
5.	sol	— • —	a	e	i	o	u.
4.	fa	•	a	e	i	o	u.
3.	me	— • —	a	e	i	o	u.
2.	re	•	a	e	i	o	u.
1.	do	•	a	e	i	o	u.

NOTE.—Voices of males are usually keyed an octave below the voices of females, and this may be shown in the above exercise by one skilled in music. Call attention to the difference in pitch of the voices of children on the play-ground and in the school-room. Have pupils read a selection in any of the degrees of pitch represented above.

Low pitch is used in expressing *solemn, sublime or pathetic* thought.

EXAMPLES.

Solemn.

1. Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm*, so *free* from trace of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon. She seemed a creature **FRESH** from the hand of **GOD**, and *waiting* for the *breath* of *life*; not one who had *lived* and *suffered* **DEATH**. Her *couch* was dressed with here and there some *winter berries* and *green leaves*, gathered in a spot she had been used to *favor*. “When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the **LIGHT**, and had the **SKY** *above it always*.” Those were her words.

2. Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here! Pass on!

3. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Sublime Thought.

1. Eternity! — thou pleasing,—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.

2. Father! Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns. Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth; and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark —
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker!

Pathetic Thought.

Soft! he comes — now, heart, be quick,
Leaping in triumphant pride!
Oh! it is a stranger footstep,
Gone by on the other side.
Ah! how many wait forever
For the steps that do not come!
Wait until the pitying angels
Bear them to a peaceful home!
Many in the still of midnight
In the streets have lain and died,
While the sound of human footsteps
Went by on the other side.

Middle pitch is used in common conversation and in expressing unimpassioned thought and moderate emotion.

EXAMPLES.

1. When the sun rises or sets in the heavens, when spring paints the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its

fruits, or winter returns in its awful forms, we view the Creator manifesting himself in his works.

2. Grass is the forgiveness of nature — her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass; and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. . . . Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

3. We must *educate*! We *must* educate! or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short from the cradle to the grave will be our race.

High pitch is used in expressing *gay, joyous or animated thought*; also in *giving commands*.

Gay.

1. Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
 White are his shoulders, and white his crest.
 Hear him call in his merry note:
 "Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 Look what a nice new coat is mine;
 Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
 Chee, chee, chee."

Joyous or Animated.

1. "The slogan's ceased — but hark! din ye na hear
 The Campbells' pibroch swell upon the breeze!
 They're coming, hark!" then falling on her knees,—
 "We're saved," she cries, "we're saved."
2. Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
 And fling the starry banner out;
 Shout "FREEDOM!" till your lisping ones
 Give back their cradle-shout.

Command.

1. Charge! Chester, charge! On! Stanley, on!
2. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
3. Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!
4. "Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

COMPASS.

Compass is the variation of the voice above and below the key taken in reading; the distance between the highest and lowest tones being the *compass* of the voice.

NOTE.—Every one has a certain pitch of voice in which he can speak most easily to himself and most agreeably to others; this may be called the natural pitch. This is the pitch in which we converse; and this must be the basis of every improvement we acquire from art and exercise. In order, therefore, to strengthen this middle tone, we ought to read and speak in it as loud as possible without suffering the voice to rise into a higher key. This, however, is no easy operation. It is not very difficult to be loud in a high tone, but to be loud and forcible without raising the voice into a higher key, requires great practice and management.

The best method of acquiring this power of voice is to practice reading and speaking some strong, animated passages in a small room, and to persons placed at as small a distance as possible; for, as we naturally raise our voice to a higher key when we speak to people at a great distance, so we naturally lower our key as those to whom we speak come nearer. When, therefore, we have no idea of being heard at a distance, the voice will not be so apt to rise into a higher key when we wish to be forcible; and consequently, exerting as much force as we are able in a small room, and to people near us, will tend to swell and strengthen the voice in the middle tone.

EXERCISES IN COMPASS.

1. He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death! the watchword and reply:
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud toscin tolled their last alarm!
2. The combat deepens! ON, YE BRAVE!
Who rush to GLORY or the GRAVE!

WAVE, *Munich*, all thy banners WAVE!
 And CHARGE with all thy CHIVALRY!
 Ah! few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulcher!

3. His speech was at first low-toned and slow. Sometimes his voice would deepen, like the sound of distant thunder; and anon, his flashes of wit and enthusiasm would light up the anxious faces of his hearers, like the far-off lightning of a coming storm.

LESSON VIII.

FORCE.

Force is the degree of intensity with which sound is uttered, without reference to its *tone*, *pitch*, *rate*, or *form*. There are four kinds commonly used in reading or speaking, viz.: *Subdued*, *moderate*, *energetic*, and *sustained*.

Subdued force is used when the ideas to be expressed contain the element of *fear*, *sadness*, or *intense disgust*, *reverence*, and *awe*.

EXAMPLES.

Fear.

1. The little girl slid off his knee,
 And all of a tremble stood.
 "Good wife," he cried, "*come out and see*,
 The skies are as red as blood."
 "God save us!" cried the settler's wife;
 "*The prairie's a-fire—we must run for life!*"

2. Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy! They are on their march along the bank of the river. We must retreat instantly or be cut off from our boats. I see the head of their column already rising over the height.

Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. *Keep close to it; be silent; and stoop as you run. For the boats! Forward!*

3. Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

Sadness.

1. Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That Death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

2. *Dead* — for the want of a crust!
Dead in the cold night air!
Dead — and under the dust,
Without ever a word of prayer;
In the heart of the wealthiest city,
In this *most Christian land*,
Without ever a word of pity,
Or the *touch* of a kindly hand!

Intense Disgust.

1. *Hence*, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, *hence*!
2. Tell me I *hate* the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word:
I *loathe*, *abhor*, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the *dark beverage of hell*!
3. I *scorn forgiveness*, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;
And naught but *blood* shall wipe away
The *shame* I have endured this day.
4. Thou *worm*! thou *viper*! to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To *tread upon*! Thou *scum*! Thou *reptile*!

MODERATE FORCE.

Moderate force is used in *common conversation and simple narration, and is generally combined with the pure tone.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Methinks I love all *common* things —
 The *common* air, the *common* flower;
 The dear, kind *common* thought, that springs
 From hearts that have no other dower,
 No other wealth, no other power,
 Save love; and will not *that* repay
 For all else fortune tears away?

2. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world — a kind of hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended, and set him down before the blowpipe of their indignation, and *scorch* him, and *burn* his faults into him; and when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then — they *forgive* him.

3. I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the *cradle* and the *piano* went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man.

ENERGETIC FORCE.

Energetic force is used in *intense excitement, or in giving command, and is generally combined with the expulsive or explosive forms of voice.*

EXAMPLES.

Excitement.

1. *The lake has burst! The lake has burst!*
 Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:
 They gallop along with a roaring song,
 Away to the eager awaiting sea!
2. And there was mounting in hot haste: the *steed*,
 The *mustering* squadron, and the *clattering* car
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. *Stand!* the ground's *your own*, my braves!
 Will ye give it up to *slaves*?
 Will ye look for *greener graves*?
 Hope ye mercy still?
 What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it — in yon battle-peal!
Read it — on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will!

Command.

1. Begone,
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues.
2. Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade! charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.
3. *Rise — fellow-men! our country — yet remains!*
 By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
 And swear *for her — to live — with her — to die.*
4. *Go ring* the bells, and *fire the guns*,
 And fling the starry banners out;
 Shout "*Freedom!*" till your lisping ones
 Give back their cradle-shout.

SUSTAINED FORCE.

Sustained force is used when commands are given, during *intense excitement*, or in *fierce anger*.

EXAMPLES.

Intense Excitement.

1. Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm.
2. A moment there was awful pause —
 When Berkeley cried, "*Cease, traitor, cease!*"
 God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
 When God is with our *righteous cause*;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
 In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
 There is a time to *fight and pray!*"

Fierce Anger.

Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 I tell thee thou 'rt defied!
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To *any lord* in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!

LESSON IX.

RATE OR MOVEMENT.

Rate or movement has reference to the rapidity with which the successive words of a selection are uttered. There are three general divisions of rate: *slow*, *moderate*, and *rapid*.

NOTE.—Other modifications of these three general divisions are often given, but for the usual practice of the school-room these three are sufficient.

Slow rate is used in presenting thought containing *adoration*, *grandeur*, *pathos*, *solemnity*, and *horror*.

EXAMPLES.

Adoration.

1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating blight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
2. The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,

And spread the roof above them, ere he framed
 The lofty vaults, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication.

Grandeur.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave,—unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Pathos.

1. Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That Death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom!
2. Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye;
 O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

Solemnity.

1. Into the Silent Land!
 Ah, who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand,
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, O thither,
 Into the Silent Land?
2. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory:
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

3. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Horror.

1. I had a dream which was not all a dream,—
 The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
 Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day.
2. I hear, 'mid dying groans, the cannon's crash;
 I see, 'mid smoke, the musket's horrid flash;
 Here, Famine walks; there, Carnage stalks:
 Hell in her fiery eye, she stains
 With purpled blood
 The crystal flood,
 Heaven's altars, and the verdant plains!

Moderate rate is used in rendering *unimpassioned ideas*, and is generally used in the pure tone.

EXAMPLES.

1. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries:
 And we must take the current when it runs,
 Or lose our ventures.
2. Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Rapid rate is used to express *joy or mirth, confusion, violent anger, or sudden fear*.

EXAMPLES.

Joy or Mirth.

1. Away! away! our fires stream bright
 Along the frozen river,
 And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
 On the forest branches quiver.
2. So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung:
 "She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

Confusion.

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,—
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
 He woke to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud.

Violent Anger.

1. On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age.
 Fierce he broke forth,—*"And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!"*
2. *In one short hour,*
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! ROUSE ye, ROMANS! ROUSE ye, SLAVES!
 Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash.

Sudden Fear.

1. Hush! Hark! Did stealing steps go by?
 Came not faint whispers near?

2. But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And *nearer, clearer, deadlier* than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is the *cannon's* opening roar!
3. Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying —
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying. Victory!
Tremor has seized on the dastards all,
And their leaders fall! Victory!

LESSON X.

STRESS.

Stress is the application of force to the vowel sound of a word, and is of six kinds: *Radical, final, median, thorough, compound, and intermittent or tremulous.*

Radical stress is the application of force to the first part of a vowel sound, and is used in *command, defiance, and argument.* It is marked thus: $\rhd$

EXAMPLES.

Command.

1. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens — whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air — *I banish you!*
2. *Up! comrades, up!* In Rokeby's halls
Never be it said our courage falls!
3. "Charge! Chester, charge!
On! Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

Defiance.

1. And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of *death* he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.
2. Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will:
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

Argument.

Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, while a single foreign troop remained in my country I would never lay down my arms — *never!* NEVER! NEVER!

Final stress is application of force to the latter part of the vowel sound, and is used to express *earnest resolve, firm determination, and stern rebuke*. It is represented thus, 

EXAMPLES.*Earnest Resolve.*

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My *judgment* approves this measure, and my *whole heart* is in it. All that I *have*, and all that I *am*, and all that I *hope in this life*, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began: that, live or die, survive or perish, I am *for* the Declaration. It is my *living* sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment: independence *now*, and independence forever!

Firm Determination.

1. Let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. The only principles of public conduct which are worthy of a gentleman or a man are, to sacrifice estate, health, ease, applause, and even life, at the sacred call of his country.

2. Now set the *teeth*, and stretch the *nostril wide*,
Hold hard the *breath*, and bend up every *spirit*

To its full height! *On, on*, you noble English!
 Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument,
 Be *copy* now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach *them* how to war!

Stern Rebuke.

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride —
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hand upon your sword,)
I tell thee thou'rt defied!

In median stress the force is given to the middle of the sound, and is used in selections where a *succession of words* are emphatic, or in rendering *grand* and *sublime ideas*. It is indicated thus, 

EXAMPLES.

Succession of Words.

1. *Days, months, years, and ages* shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye;
 O *sailor-boy! sailor-boy!* peace to thy soul!
2. Property, character, reputation, everything, was sacrificed.
 Toils, sufferings, wounds, and death were the price of our liberty.

Grand and Sublime Ideas.

1. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers!
 whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth
 in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold
 and pale, sinks in the western wave.
2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

3. Father! Thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns. Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth; and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot towards heaven.

In thorough stress the force of voice is carried through the vowel sound, but is strongest in the middle. It is used in *braggadocio*, and in *emphatic command*, and is indicated thus, 

EXAMPLES.

Braggadocio.

1. Come one, come all,—this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I.
2. I tell ye what!
 I'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
 I'll astonish the nation,
 And all creation,
 By flyin' over the celebration!
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
 I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
 I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!

Command.

“*Forward*, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Compound stress is a union of the radical and final, and is upon the opening and closing of the vowel sound, and is used much in the language of *surprise*, *mockery*, or *contempt*. It is represented thus, 

EXAMPLES.

Surprise.

1. *Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanehe, and Blanehe these provinces?*
2. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud:
“*Clarence is come — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—*
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury!
Seize on him, Furies,—take him to your torments!”

Mockery or Contempt.

1. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! and *we are Romans.*
Why, in that elder day, *to be a Roman*
Was greater than a king!
2. *I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:*
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent and sigh, and *yield*
To Christian intercessors. Follow not:
I'll have no speaking: I'll have my bond.
3. If ye are *beasts*, then stand herē like *fat oxen* waiting for the
butcher's knife.

Intermittent stress is the varying of the voice in such a manner as to produce a tremulous tone, and is indicated thus, ~~~~~ It is used in *fear*, *joy*, and *laughter*, and in the broken voice of *sorrow*, and in imitation of the feeble voice of *old age*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
Oh, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

2. Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim;
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh, I am so dry:
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again — and mother, don't you cry.
-

LESSON XI.

POSITION, GESTURE, AND FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Elocution is defined to be *audible reading intensified by position of the body, gesture, and facial expression.*

The correct *position* for a reader or speaker is the erect, with one foot a little in advance of the other, with the shoulders well back, and the head erect, so as to give good capacity for breathing.

POSITION.

The body may assume many positions on the platform, but the mention of a few will suffice. They are as follows:

First. Left foot in rear, supporting weight of body; right foot slightly advanced, forming an angle of about 85 degrees with left, and heel of right pointing toward instep of left.

Second. Right foot in rear, supporting weight of body; left foot slightly advanced, forming an angle of about 85 degrees with right, with heel of left pointing toward instep of right.

Third. Weight of body on both feet, which form an angle of about 85 degrees, with neither foot in advance; body fronting the audience.

Fourth. Body leaning forward, weight on advanced right foot, only the toe of left foot touching.

Fifth. Body leaning forward, weight on advanced left foot, only the toe of right foot touching.

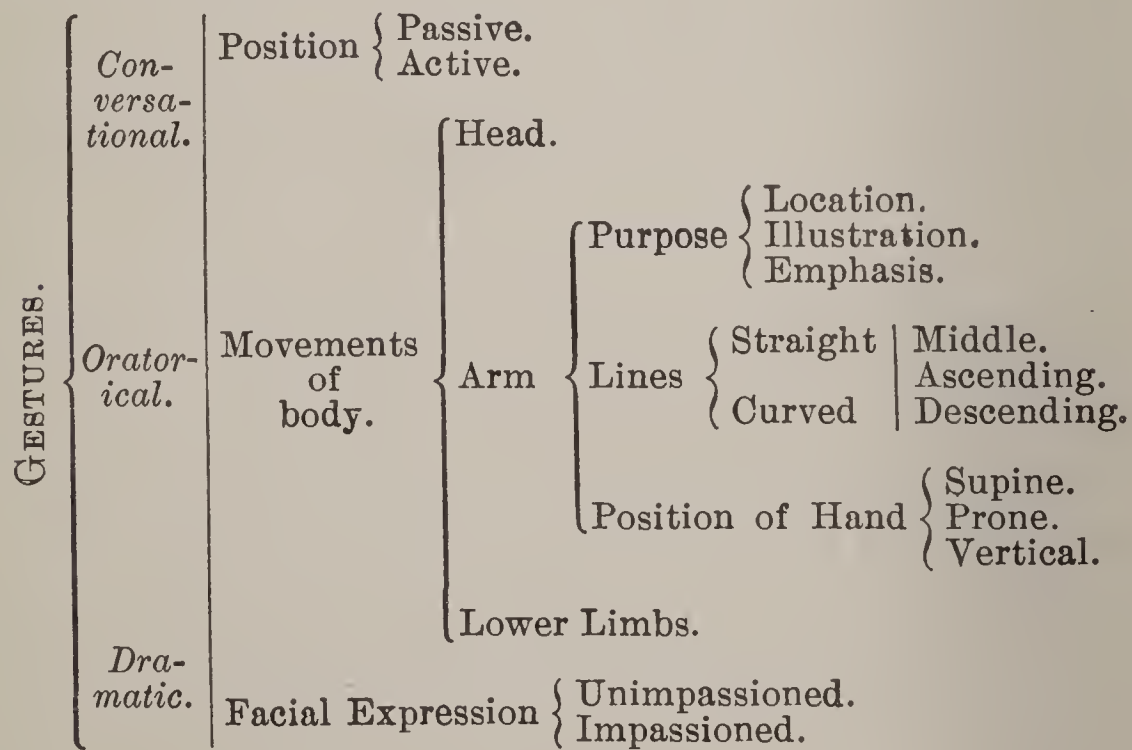
The body inclines forward or backward from the erect as the thought presented requires it.

In reading, the book should be held in the left hand, or may be changed to the other in a long selection. Care must be taken that the book may not intercept the sound as it proceeds from the reader to his audience.

GESTURE.

Gesture is a motion of any part of the body or limbs intended to express, enforce or emphasize an idea or an opinion.

The parts of the body moved in gesture are the *head, arms,* and *lower limbs.*



The **head movements** should be in harmony with the sentiment, and directed to the different parts of the audience. Too frequent changes in the position of the head should be avoided, and a constant or habitual shaking of the head should be entirely discarded.

The **arm movements** should be in graceful lines, and equally, or nearly equally, distributed between the two arms.

Forcible, bold and abrupt ideas require gestures in straight lines, while beautiful or grand thought requires the graceful curves.

EXAMPLES.

Straight-line gesture:

1. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
2. "Down, down!" cried Mar; "your lances down.
Bear back! both friend and foe."

Curved gesture:

1. Cover them over with beautiful flowers.
2. The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe!

All gesture with reference to the intensity or character of the sentiment is divided into *conversational*, *oratorical*, or *dramatic*.

Conversational gesture is that used in ordinary conversation when the persons speaking become intensely interested. The hand is most used, and the motions of the arm do not extend above the elbow.

Conversational Gesture.

No! dear as freedom is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price*, I would much rather be myself the slave, and wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

Oratorical gesture is used when speaking to a large company of individuals, or when animated thought is presented.

The position of the body is erect and the arm movements extend to the shoulder.

Oratorical Gesture.

Blaze, with your serried columns!

I will not bend the knee!

The shackles ne'er again shall bind

The arm which now is free.

I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

Dramatic gesture is used in very impassioned thought, as in the presentation of a drama.

In dramatic gesture the body frequently changes position, and there is displayed by means of gesture and facial expression the intensest feeling.

Dramatic Gesture.

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of *sacred rights* to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for *Freedom* came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to *glow* or *quake*,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of *death* he dared to fling
Defiance to a *tyrant king*.

FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Facial expression is the adaptation of the countenance to the thought to be expressed. It requires a vivid imagination on the part of the speaker, and a good control of the facial muscles.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF FACIAL EXPRESSION.

THE BROWS.

An unruffled brow denotes tranquil thought.

A contracted brow portrays anger, hatred, defiance.

An elevated brow expresses wonder, admiration, terror, joy.

THE MOUTH.

An open mouth shows surprise, wonder, admiration, fear, desire, mirth, love, silliness.

The mouth closes lightly in repose and in peaceful thought.

A tightly compressed mouth shows firmness, perplexity, scorn.

A drawing down of the corners of the mouth expresses scorn, contempt, pride.

The mouth smiles in approval, satisfaction, happiness.

THE EYES.

The eyes are raised in joy, hope, admiration.

They are cast down in shame, modesty, grief, disappointment.

They look forward in determination.

They are turned away in disgust, listening, or bashfulness.

They roll in rage, despair, or a delirium.

They are opened wide and fixed in consternation.

They flash in sudden anger, or scorn.

THE NOSE.

The nose is elevated in scorn.

It is expanded in sudden anger.

It is wrinkled in mirth.

The nostrils are contracted in pain, fear.

EXAMPLES IN FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Reverence.

Father, thy hand hath reared these venerable columns;
Thou didst weave this verdant roof.

Joyousness.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Secrecy.

Hush! Hark! Did stealing steps go by?
Came not faint whispers near?

Indignant Command.

Get thee back into the tempest,
And the night's Plutonian shore!

Sadness.

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful! Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Defiance.

Thy threats, thy mercies I defy,
And give thee in thy teeth the lie!

Surprise.

Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined!

Extreme Fear.

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before:
Arm! Arm! It is — it is the cannon's opening roar!

NOTE.—Drill the class thoroughly on the foregoing selections, having them assume the facial expression necessary to their correct rendering. It is best to avoid gesture in rendering them, and to give the whole attention to facial expression.

LESSON XII.

PAUSES AND PARAPHRASING.

PAUSES.

Pauses are introduced in reading or speaking, either for the sake of *clearness* or to give *proper expression* to ideas. They are of two kinds, *grammatical* and *rhetorical*.

Grammatical pauses are introduced for the sake of clearness, and are to audible reading or speaking what *punctuation* is to the written or printed language.

Rhetorical pauses are made by the reader or speaker for the sake of force or emphasis. They may or may not occur where there would be punctuation-marks. The following are some of the conditions requiring the rhetorical pause:

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

1. Pause after an emphatic subject; as,

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* | is an honorable man.

2. Pause after a subject if compound or modified; as,

Faith, Hope and Love | waved their bright wings.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset | were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow | lay withered and strown.

3. Pause after any specially emphatic word or words at the beginning of a sentence; as,

Great | is Diana of the Ephesians.
Flashed | all their sabers bare.
Silver and gold | have I none.
Narrow | is the way that leadeth unto life.

4. Pause before an adjective which follows the modified noun; as,

He was gifted with a mind | deep, active, and well stored with knowledge.
It was a calculation | accurate to the last degree.

5. An ellipsis demands a pause; as,

Homer was the greater genius; Virgil | the better artist.
He quotes Milton often; Spenser | never.
Add to your faith, virtue; to virtue | knowledge.

6. Words and phrases emphasized for the sake of contrast demand a pause following the contrasted part; as,

Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact | is all that, and more, too.

When propositions are contrasted, the pause after the last is shorter than after the others; as,

No man despises rank, unless he is raised very much above | or sunk very much below | the ordinary standard of humanity.

7. Pause before and after explanatory or parenthetical words and phrases; as,

Homer claims | on every account | our first attention, as the father, not only of epic poetry, but also | in some measure | of poetry itself.

8. Complete clauses or phrases, when not restrictive, demand a pause before and after them; as,

Milton says beautifully | that truth is as impossible to be soiled by an outward touch | as is the sunbeam.

PARAPHRASING.

A paraphrase expresses the meaning of a passage in different language from that in which it was originally expressed. The change made should be limited to the form or the expression: it should never extend to the substance or to the idea.

The following are a few examples of paraphrasing:

1. Change of order; as,

In all speculations on men and on human affairs, it is of no small moment to distinguish things of accident from permanent causes.

Changed:

To distinguish things of accident from permanent causes, is of no small moment in all speculations on men and on human affairs.

2. Change of expression; as,

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Changed:

The influence of fortune is admitted only by the unfortunate; for the prosperous ascribe all their success to forethought and merit.

3. Change of construction; as,

What passion cannot music raise and quell?

Changed:

There is no passion which music cannot raise and quell.

4. Change of figure; as,

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is often interred with their bones.

Changed:

Men's evil deeds are recorded in brass; their good ones are often written on the sand.

5. Figurative language changed into literal; as,

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray

Had in her sober livery all things clad.

Changed:

Evening stole over the landscape, and all nature was covered with the gray shades of twilight.

LESSON XIII.

BREATHING AND VOCAL EXERCISES.

BREATHING.

Respiration or breathing is the process by which air is taken into the lungs and expelled from them. It is the motive power of the voice.

Natural order of treatment:

- (a) What we breathe.
- (b) Why we breathe.
- (c) How we breathe.
- (d) Breathing exercises.

What we breathe. Pure air is the element. It gives life, with health, happiness, and full development of the vocal organs.

Why we breathe. It is necessary to supply the system with oxygen; to rid the body of waste matter; *and for the purpose of speech*. Breathing also promotes the healthy development of the organs by which it is carried on. The intercostal muscles are strengthened, the lungs are rendered flexible and capacious, the muscles of the waist and back are exercised, and in fact the whole body is given additional symmetry and comeliness.

How we breathe. In order to protect the throat and lungs from impurities, one should breathe through the nostrils. Animals, savages, and healthy children may be emulated in this.

BREATHING EXERCISES.

Too much importance cannot be attached to these exercises.

1. *Chest Breathing*.—Relax the muscles of the chest. Take a full inspiration and expand the chest to its fullest capacity. Exhale gradually.

2. *Costal Breathing*.—Distend the sides while inhaling, and relax gradually with slow and regular exhalation.

3. *Waist Breathing*.—Inhale with the view of expanding the entire circle of the waist.

4. *Dorsal Breathing*.—Inhale by endeavoring to thrust out the muscles of the back by the force of the air.

5. *Abdominal Breathing*.—Breathe deeply, expanding the abdomen in inhalation, and contracting it in exhalation.

6. *Full Breathing*.—This is a union of all the previous exercises. The *will* should be exercised on all parts of the body simultaneously.

7. *Prolonged Breathing*.—Prolong the exercise of *Full Breathing*.

8. *Effusive Breathing*.—Inhale naturally. Exhale on the sound of *h*, gently and gradually.

9. *Explosive Breathing*.—Inhale as in *Full Breathing*, and expel the air forcibly but gradually upon the sound of *h*.

10. *Explosive Breathing*.—Take full breath, expel suddenly and with force in a whispered utterance the word *Ha*.

MISCELLANEOUS BREATHING EXERCISES.

1. Shoulders level, chest active, body erect and in easy position. Feet and hands well placed.

2. Inhale quickly through the nostrils, a full breath; then exhale *slowly* to the sound of *h*.

3. Inhale quickly through the nostrils; then with the lips in position for smiling, exhale slowly to the sounds ä, ē, ā.

4. Inhale, as above; then exhale, using *uh* six times; vocalize it six times; alternate them in groups of six as long as you can hold the exhalation.

5. Inhale as above; then beginning slowly and increasing the rate to very swift, laugh out the vowels, ä ä, ä ä, ë ë, ĭ ĭ, ö ö, ŭ ŭ.

6. Inhale as above; exhale slowly to the sound *s*.

7. Leave only a small opening between the lips; inhale as slowly as possible; exhale with a quick impulse to the sound ä.

8. Inhale by drawing the breath in through the nostrils in short, quick breaths, noiselessly, until felt underneath the shoulder-blades. This gives a full breath. Take them quicker and quicker. Repeat ten times.

9. Throat open and loose, muscles all free and easy, never rigid. Tongue loose and natural.

10. Hold the breath steadily and quietly. Pronounce "ah" for twenty seconds. Repeat ten times.

11. Inhale quickly a full deep breath through the nostrils; then exhale slowly to the sound of *a*.

12. Inhale quickly, a full deep breath; exhale slowly to the sound of *o*. In like manner also *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *oo*.

At least three minutes should be spent in breathing-drills before each recitation.

VOCAL AND BREATHING EXERCISES.

The splendor falls on castle walls,

And snowy summits old in story;

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

MARK HALEY: "Charco'! charco'!"

ROGUISH LAD: "Ark, ho! ark, ho!"

M. H.: "Charco'! charco'!"

WIFE: "Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"

M. H.: "Charco'! charco'!"

BABY: "Ah, go! ah, go!"

Mark and Echo alternate, "Charco'! charco'!" "Hark, O!
hark, O!"

"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds.

LESSON XIV.

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

Speech is the faculty of expressing thoughts by means of words or articulate sounds.

A **figure of speech** is any deviation from a direct mode of expression. "Be ye wise as serpents" is a figure of speech.

There are **twelve figures of speech** commonly used in the expression of thought; they are the *simile*, *metaphor*, *personification*, *antithesis*, *synecdoche*, *climax*, *anticlimax*, *metonymy*, *irony*, *hyperbole*, *apostrophe*, and *allegory*.

A **simile** expresses a likeness of one thing to another.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold.

A **metaphor** speaks of an object as though it were another.

Consistency, thou art a jewel.

The wish is father to the thought.

Personification represents inanimate objects as having life or personality.

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year.

The hills rejoice and clap their hands.

Antithesis emphasizes an idea by a contrast or opposition of thought.

Hatred stirreth up strifes; but love covereth all sins.

Wit laughs *at* things; humor laughs *with* them.

In **synecdoche**, a part is put for the whole or the whole for a part; a species for genus or the genus for the species.

He dare not come beneath my roof.

Give us this day our daily bread.

The horse is useful to man.

Climax is a succession of statements, rising in strength until the last.

We have complained; we have *petitioned*; we have ENTREATED; we have SUPPLICATED.

Strike — till the last armed foe *expires*;
 STRIKE — for your *altars* and your fires;
 STRIKE — for the green graves of your sires,
 God — and your *native land*!

Anticlimax is a succession of statements, each one weaker than the one preceding; as,

I *never will* submit,— at least, I will not submit without a battle; but of course if overpowered I may be compelled to submit.

Metonymy is the use of the name of one object to represent some related object.

Bring down my *gray hairs* with sorrow to the grave.
 Who steals my *purse* steals trash.

Irony is the use of words so as to convey a meaning exactly opposite to what is said.

Brutus is an *honorable* man.

No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you.

Hyperbole is a magnifying of objects beyond natural bounds in order to make a statement more emphatic.

Rivers of waters did run down from mine eyes.

The waves rolled mountain high.

Apostrophe addresses some absent person or thing as though present and listening.

Ye toppling crags of ice!
 Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down,
 In mountainous overwhelming, come and crush me.
 Milton! Thou shouldst be with us at this hour!

An **allegory** is a description of one thing under the image of another.

God brought a vine out of Egypt, and planted it in Palestine.

NOTE.—We know that God’s people, Israel, is meant, although Israel is not mentioned. To make a simile, we would say: “Israel is *like* a vine brought from Egypt and planted in Palestine.” To make a metaphor: “Israel *is* a vine brought from Egypt,” etc. In allegory the application is left entirely to the imagination of the reader.

LESSON XV.

STUDY OF LITERATURE.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

KINDS.....	1. Poetry	1. Epic	1. Hero. 2. Plot.
		2. Dramatic	1. Tragedy. 2. Comedy.
		3. Lyric	1. Sacred. 2. Heroic. 3. Moral. 4. Amatory. 5. Comic.
		4. Elegiac	1. Elegy. 2. Epitaph.
		5. Pastoral.....	1. Eclogues. 2. Idyls.
		6. Didactic.....	1. Instructive. 2. Meditative.
	2. Prose	1. News.....	1. Letters. 2. Newspapers.
		2. Original thought	1. Editorials. 2. Essays. 3. Discourses.
		3. Records	1. History. 2. Biography. 3. Travel.
		4. Reviews.....	1. Book. 2. Editorial. 3. News.
		5. Fiction.....	1. Historical. 2. Domestic. 3. Religious.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

English literature is of two kinds, *poetry* and *prose*.

POETRY.

Poetry, to be worthy of the name, must be in the form of verse and poetical in its essence. It is the product of an excited and creative imagination, so arranged as to please the reader. The following kinds may be found in the literature of the past and present:

Epic, dramatic, lyric, elegiac, pastoral, and didactic.

Epic poetry is a recital of heroic or valorous deeds as found in such poems as Homer's *Iliad*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, etc. It is essential that there be a *hero*, around whom cluster many actors in some *complicated plot*. Such poems as Sheridan's *Ride*, Paul Revere's *Ride*, *Ride of Jennie McNeal*, are examples of epic poetry.

Dramatic poetry is very much like the epic, only more tragic in its character, and represents actions as actually occurring. There are two principal kinds — the *tragedy*, and *comedy*.

The *tragedy* is the more serious, and appeals to the strongest passions of the soul. Poems which relate to scenes of suffering, violence, or death, belong to this class.

Lyric poetry meant originally poetry to be accompanied by the lyre; hence it abounds in song.

There are five varieties found in odes or songs — the *sacred*, *heroic*, *moral*, *amatory*, and *comic*. Psalms and hymns compose the sacred, patriotic poems illustrate the heroic, while the moral would comprise such as Collins's ode on the Passions, etc. Amatory odes abound in the love songs of all nations and

ages, while the comic would be represented in the writings of Bret Harte.

Elegiac poetry is of a sad or mournful strain, and is found in the poems which recount the virtues of some one dead. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, or Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, are good examples.

The Epitaph belongs to this class, and is a short elegy inscribed on a monument.

Pastoral poetry is found in a class of poems which illustrate shepherd or rustic life. The writings of Virgil abound with these, as do the writings of the more modern Spenser. Of the American poets, James Whitcomb Riley and Will Carleton take rank among pastoral writers.

Eclogues and Idyls also belong to this class.

An eclogue is a pastoral poem in which shepherds converse with one another, or is a dialogue between shepherds.

An idyl is a short pastoral poem written in a highly finished style, describing shepherd or pastoral life, or pastoral scenes.

Didactic poetry is of the kind designed to impart instruction, and comprises two classes, the *instructive* and *meditative*. It is abundant, and such poems as Pope's *Essay on Man* would illustrate the first class; while Bryant's *Thanatopsis* and Young's *Night Thoughts* would illustrate the latter class.

PROSE.

Prose is a term applied to all literature which is not in verse. In prose, thought is presented in a natural manner, in distinction from the inverted forms so common in poetry.

All prose literature may be classified into the following divisions: *News, original thought, records, reviews, and fiction.*

News may be classified into private and public, or the ordinary *letter* and the item intended for the *newspaper*. Accuracy, condensation and perspicuity are characteristics necessary to either. Accuracy, because exact truth is wanted; condensation, because of the great amount of matter; and perspicuity, because news is often gathered rapidly from headings or headlines.

Original thought comprises a class of literature which may be grouped under three heads, viz.: *editorials*, *essays*, and *discourses*. All these contain alike the element of originality, but differ as to the medium used in communicating the thought to others. They consist of the opinions of their authors, printed, read, or delivered through the medium of speech.

Records comprise all literature intended to record the various occurrences of individuals or nations, and all books of *history*, *biography* or *travel* come under this head.

Literature of this class is very abundant; and as its chief office is to impart instruction, it is generally presented in a concise form and in a chronological order.

History is a record of events which are of national importance, and its statements should be accurate, impartial, and free from prejudice. Memoirs also come under this head, and are a species of incomplete history.

Biography and *travel* include books which record the doings and adventures of individuals, and very often compose a part of history, especially when the individual, their subject, is a noted person. An *autobiography* is a biography written by the subject himself.

Reviews are in reality lengthy editorials written by one who has formed his opinions from reading other articles or

books, upon which they are merely comments. This class of literature is found in the best magazines of the present day. Reviews as a species of literature had their origin in the establishing of the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1802.

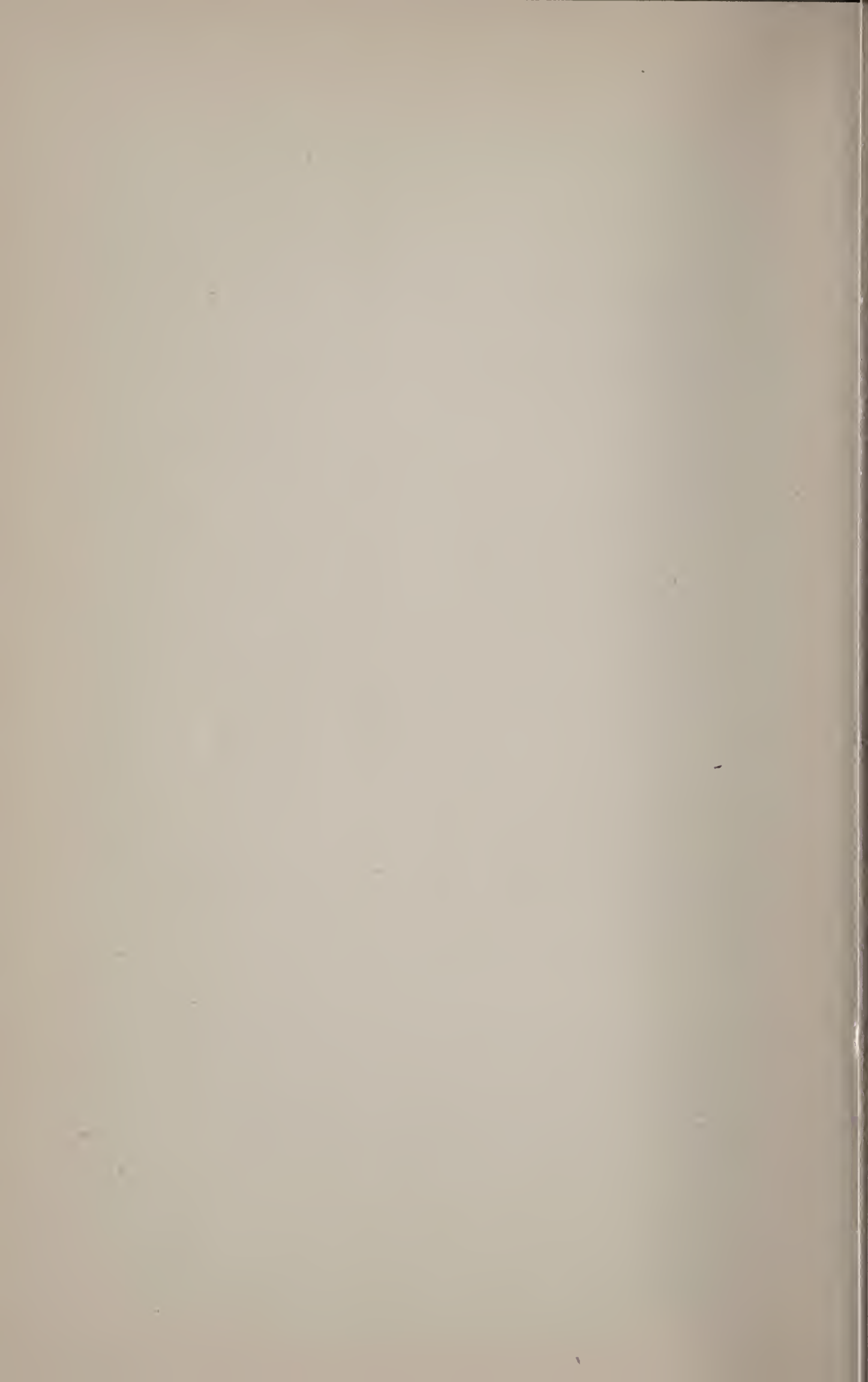
Fiction covers quite a field of literature, in which may be found novels of all classes, also the ordinary story-paper.

Books of fiction have been common in all ages. Historical, religious, and social works of fiction are abundant. Walter Scott's novels are historical, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* religious, while Dickens's works refer to social or domestic life. In all novels a moral lesson should be taught. The reading of fiction should only occupy the time when truth has been read.

Supplementary books should be carefully chosen, and should contain selections adapted to the work of developing the voice. Much of the literature now introduced into fifth readers is only fit for training for silent reading, or to study as literature. Such can never take the place of selections suited for the cultivation of the voice.

The taste for good literature, however, should be cultivated, for a powerful influence is exerted upon the pupil by what is read.

“Now, books have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that; what you lose to-day, you cannot gain to-morrow?” — *John Ruskin*.



SUGGESTIONS.

THE following selections have been chosen from among a large number, believing that they will best illustrate the preceding lessons.

They should be assigned in connection with these fifteen lessons which precede them, and be used with them for class drill.

Under Lesson 15, "Literature," the following lessons might be classified under the various headings found in that lesson, or in the study of inflection and emphasis the pupils might be required to properly mark the inflection and emphasis in one of the selections.

In the preceding lessons the inflection, emphasis, force, rate, stress, etc., have been carefully marked, and it now remains for the pupil to so grasp the thought of these selections which follow as to apply what he has learned to their different parts.

To do this a careful study of the thought is necessary, and upon commencing the recitation it is well for the teacher to propound a series of questions relating to the lesson, its author, and the circumstances under which it was written.

"Understandest thou what thou readest?" should be a question ever in the mind of the teacher as the selection is being read; and until it is understood, the proper rendering can never be attained.

Among the selections will be found some of a comical nature, also some in different dialects. In nearly every class will be found pupils who excel in rendering such selections, and the recitation period will be enlivened by assigning these to pupils who are apt in their presentation.

SELECTIONS.

SELF-CULTURE.

The following selection should be committed to memory, not so much for its oratorical value as for the sentiment which it contains. It should be rendered with slow rate, medium pitch, and very earnestly and distinctly.

1. MAKE the best of yourself. Watch, and plant, and sow. Cultivate! Cultivate! Falter not, faint not! Press onward! Persevere! Perhaps you cannot bear such lordly fruit, nor yet such rare, rich flowers as others; but what of that? Bear the best you can. 'Tis all God asks.

2. Your flowers may only be the daisies and buttercups of life—the little words and smiles and handshakes and helpful looks; but we love these flowers full well. We may stop to look at a tulip's gorgeous colors, and admire the creamy whiteness of a noble lily; but it is to the little flowers we turn with tenderest thought. We watch for snowdrops with longing eyes, and scent the fragrance of the violet with a keen delight. So let your life grow sweet-scented with all pleasant thoughts and gentle words and kindly deeds.

THE BUGLE-SONG.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892) is one of three brothers who all exhibited considerable poetic ability. His first published poems were printed in 1827, while he was a student at Cambridge. Tennyson's works show the fruits of a high order of native poetic genius, and of the most painstaking toil. There are no marks of haste, chance, or happy inspiration visible in them. In choice of words, and in the adaptation of language to thought, Tennyson has few equals and no superiors. He excels also in the expression of exquisite sensibility and touching pathos, but in vigor and boldness of imagination he is surpassed by several of his countrymen.

1. THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

2. Oh, hark, oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying:
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Argumentative style, medium force; should be rendered in a slow and deliberate manner.

1. WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle.

2. You will find that each generation has always been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments — to whom? To the Covenanters. Ah! they were in a minority! Read their history if you can without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood and tears and hootings and scourgings — dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore — fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

3. Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong parade in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always "troops of beautiful, tall angels" gathered round him; and God Himself stands within the dim future and keeps watch over His own! If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority, for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all that be against!

THE BRAVEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

1. THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not; —
'T was fought by the mothers of men.
2. Nay, not with cannon, or battle-shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.
3. But deep in a walled-up woman's heart —
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part —
Lo! there is that battle-field!
4. No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave!
But oh! these battles they last so long —
From babyhood to the grave!
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5. O ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldier to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways!
6. O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

A SCHOOL-BOY ON CORNS.

To render this selection with effect, the reader should be able to take the position of an awkward school-boy, and imitate — or rather, magnify — any defects he may have noticed.

1. CORNS are of two kinds — vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows, and animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn: there is the unicorn, the capricorn, popcorn, corn dodgers, field corn, and the corn, which is the corn your feet feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn, but persons having corns do not like to “go fur” if they can help it.

2. Corns have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on the ears, but animal corn grows on the feet, at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; this grows on oaks. The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article added. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn wishes it was an acorn.

3. Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned he probably won't do so well as if he isn't. The doctor says corns are produced by tight boots and shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned.

4. If a farmer manages well, he can get a good deal of corn on an acre, but I know of a farmer that has the corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. Another kind of corn is the corn dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and it is as follows — that is, if you want to know: You go along the street and meet a man you know has a corn, and a rough character; then you step on the toe that has the corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you will find out what a corn dodger is.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The following address was delivered on the 19th of November, 1863, at the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The selection as given here was copied (including punctuation) from a photograph of the original manuscript. It should be read slowly and with medium force.

1. FOUR-SCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

2. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground.

3. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

4. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

R. H. STODDARD.

This selection should be read in an earnest manner, medium pitch and force. A study of its thought in connection with Lesson 15 will be interesting.

1. NOT what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
 In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plow,
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.
2. Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
 Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street—
 Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there I hope my grave will be.
3. Old homestead! In that old gray town,
 Thy vane is seaward blowing,
Thy slip of garden stretches down
 To where the tide is flowing;
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.
4. Dearer that little country house,
 Inland, with pines beside it;
Some peach trees, with unfruitful boughs,
 A well, with weeds to hide it:

No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

5. Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window-vines that clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian pipe.
6. Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fullness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights — oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?
7. Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hath outlived the longest.
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.
8. Perhaps our Babels too will fall.
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plow.

THE LOST SHIP.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

This selection is of a pathetic nature, and requires a rather low tone of voice, which in the latter part becomes almost a measured monotone.

1. WE one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves.

2. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months: clusters of shellfish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

3. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers have been offered up at the deserted fireside of home; how often have the maiden, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep; how has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair. Alas! not one memento shall return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from port, and was never heard of more.

THE OCEAN.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

Let this be read in a full, orotund voice, giving special practice on stanzas 2 and 5, in connection with Lesson 6, page 30. The last stanza requires a change in rendering, both in form of voice and rate.

1. THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon yon watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan —
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
3. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

4. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee; —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
5. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm —
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of eternity,— the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
6. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers,— they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

TACT AND TALENT.

LONDON ATLAS.

This selection should be studied in connection with Lesson 4, page 21 of the preliminary lessons in this book. Drill thoroughly on emphasis and inflection, showing their uses in comparison or antithesis.

1. **TALENT** is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more, too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

2. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

3. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys

and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that tact has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

4. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment.

5. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

THE LABORER.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

This selection should be read in a commanding tone, with full force and proper emphasis. It should be studied with Lesson 8, in which lesson similar examples will be found.

1. STAND up — erect! Thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God! — who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.
2. What then? — Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.
3. Who is thine enemy? — the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.
4. If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou might'st cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.
5. No; — uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,

Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked:

6. *These* are thine enemies — thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!
7. Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?
8. True, wealth thou hast not,—'tis but dust!
Nor place,—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both,—a noble mind.
9. With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

SIMON'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

Assign to some pupil who is apt in the rendering of this dialect.

1. VELL, von morning I says to Hans (Hans vos mein husband):—"Hans, I tink I goes down to New York, und see some sights in dot village."

2. Und Hans he say: "Vell, Katrina, you vork hard pooty mooch, I tink it vould petter be dot you goes und rest yourselfs some." So I gets meinself ready righd away quick, und in two days I vos de shteam cars on, vistling away for New York.

3. Vell, ven I got dere, dot vas Saturday mit de afternoon. I vos tired mit dot day's travel und I goes me pooty quick to bed, und ven I vakes in de morning de sun was high oup in de shky. But I gets me oup und puts on mein new silk vrock und tink me I shall go to some fine churches und hear ein grosse breacher. Der pells vas ringing so schveet I dinks I nefer pefore hear such music. Ven I got de shtreet on, de beobles vos all going quiet und nice to dere blaces mit vurship, und I makes oup my mind to go in von of dem churches so soon as von comes along. Pooty soon I comes to de von mit ein shteeple high oup in de shky und I goes in mit de beoples und sits me down on ein seat all covered mit a little mattress. De big organ vas blaying so soft it seemed likes as if some angels must be dere to make dot music.

4. Pooty soon de breacher man shtood in de bulbit oup und read de hymn oudt, und all de beoples sing until de church vos filled mit de shveetness. Den de breacher man pray, und read de Pible, und den he say dot de bulbit would be occupied by de Rev. Villiam R. Shtover.

5. Den dot man gommences to breach, und he read mit his dext, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." He

talks for so mooch as ein half hour already, ven de beoples sings again und goes home. I tells mein brudder-mit-law it vos so nice I tinks me I goes again mit some oder churches. So vot you tinks? I goes mit anoder churches dot afternoon und dot same Villiam R. Shtover vos dere und breach dot same sermon ofer again mit dot same dext, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." I tinks to my ownself — dot vos too bad, und I goes home und dells Yawcup, und he says, "Nefer mind, Katrina; to-night ve goes somevhere else to churches." So ven de night vas come und de lamps vos all lighted mit de shtreets, me und mein brudden-mit-law ve goes over to dot Brooklyn town to hear dot Heinrich Vard Peecher.

6. My, but dot vas ein grosse church, and so many beobles vas dere, ve vas crowded mit de vall back. Ven de singing vas all done, a man vot vas sitting mit a leetle chair got oup und say dot de Rev. Heinrich Vard Peecher vas to de Vite Mountains gone mit dot hay fever, but dot de bulbit vould be occupied on this occasion by de Rev. Villiam R. Shtover. Und dot Villiam R. Shtover he gots mit dot bulbits oup und breaches dot same sermon mit dot same text, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever."

7. Dot vos too bad again und I gits mad. I vos so mad I vish he got dot fever himself.

8. Vell, ven dot man vas troo, Yawcup says to me: "Come, Katrina, ve'll go down to dot ferry und take de poat vot goes to New York!" Ven ve got on dot poat de fog was so tick dot you couldn't see your hands pehind your pack. De vistles vas plowing, und dem bells vos ringing, und von man shteppped up mit Yawcup und say: "Vot vor dem pells pe ringing so mooch?"

9. Und ven I looked around dere shtood dot Villiam R. Shtover, und I said pooty quick: "Vot vor dem pells vas ring-ing? Vy, for Simon's wife's mudder, vot must be died, for I hear dree times to-day already dot she vos sick mit ein fever."

RECESSIONAL.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

RUDYARD KIPLING was born in 1865. His father is an English artist. His mother was a beautiful, gifted Scotch woman. Her maiden name was Alice Macdonald. Rudyard was born in the city of Bombay, India. He was educated at the Westward Ho college, in England, a school designed for the training of Englishmen's sons whose parents were residents of India. Kipling married an American girl. They have a home near Brattleboro, Vermont, and a home in England.

This selection is full of sublime thought, and should be read slowly. Study it in connection with Lesson 6, where similar selections will be found, requiring the orotund tone.

1. God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!
2. The tumult and the shouting dies —
 The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

3. Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!
4. If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law —
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!
5. For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
-

LIBERTY AND UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

A fine chance for oratory is found in this piece, and it should be assigned in connection with the preliminary lesson on Emphasis, page 18. Study the lesson carefully as to the author and the circumstances connected with its first recital, before attempting to read it. If these are not understood, it cannot be properly read.

1. I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the

preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprung forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings, and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

2. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

3. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not

see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

4. Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster; not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured — bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly: Liberty first, and union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

OLD GLORY.

EUGENE F. WARE.

Read slowly, so as to grasp the beautiful thought in this selection. It should be read with slow rate, medium pitch, and in the effusive and explosive forms of voice.

1. FLAG of a thousand battles,
Beautiful flag of the free;
Waving from lake to ocean,
Waving from sea to sea;
Outward and seaward ever,
Daring the restless wave;
Upward and skyward ever,
Pride of the true and the brave.

2. *Old Glory, Old Glory, the world awaits thy story;
Float on, float ever on o'er land and sea;
Old Glory, Old Glory, the world awaits thy story;
Float on, float on, thou emblem of the free.*
 3. Flag of a thousand battles,
Cresting the billows of fire
Whelming established evils,
Raising the lowly higher;
Challenging ancient error,
Silencing tyranny dumb,
Gladdening and inspiring
Hope for the years to come.
 4. *Old Glory, Old Glory, the world awaits thy story;
Float on, float ever on o'er land and sea;
Old Glory, Old Glory, the world awaits thy story;
Float on, float on, thou emblem of the free.*
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THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

JUDGE STORY.

Read this selection with reference to emphasis. Vary the forms of voice to suit the thought expressed. A moderate rate and effusive form of voice will best express the principal parts of the selection.

1. WHEN we reflect on what has been and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this Republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance

and moderate our confidence! The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and the end of all marvelous struggles in the cause of Liberty.

2. Greece! lovely Greece! "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics, in fair processions, chanted the praise of liberty and the good,—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins.

3. Rome, republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death.

4. And where are the Republics of modern times, which cluster around immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guarantee of their freedom is in their weakness and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained.

5. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The country, too, is too poor for plunder and too rough for a valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

6. We stand the *latest*, and if we fall, probably the *last* experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vice or the luxuries of the world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning — simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect.

7. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

8. Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the lifeblood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lesson of her better days.

9. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, should betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is, “*They were, but they are not!*” Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven! I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion; resist every

attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

10. I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of offspring, to teach them, as they climb your knees or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country and never forsake her. I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are — whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of our country.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

A good example of pathos is found in the following, and it should be read with slow rate, median stress, and in a tremulous or subdued tone. Study the selection in connection with Lesson 9, on rate or movement, where similar examples are given.

1. SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!

They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.

2. I've looked on hands whose form and hue

A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these agèd, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

3. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

Though hearts were weary or sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That children might be glad.

4. I almost weep, as, looking back
 To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
 When mine were at their play.
 5. But, O! beyond the shadow land,
 Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
 Will palms of victory bear.
 6. Where crystal streams, through endless time,
 Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
 I'll clasp my mother's hands.
-

HOME.

MONTGOMERY.

1. THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
2. A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

3. In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 4. Here woman reigns — the mother, daughter, wife;
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 5. Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!
-

SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR

LORD CHATHAM.

1. I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis.

It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

2. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its true dignity and duty, as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence."

3. The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy!—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America *is an impossibility*.

4. You cannot, my lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity

of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms — *never, never, never!*

5. But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischief of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

6. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; for “it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country!

7. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity. “That God and Nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

8. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! — to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

9. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose their unsullied sanctity; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

O. W. HOLMES.

IRISH COQUETRY.

Do not attempt to have all the members of the class read this selection, but assign to those who excel in imitating Irish dialect.

1. SAYS Patrick to Biddy, "Good-mornin', me dear!
 It's a bit av a sacret I've got for yer ear:
 It's yoursel' that is lukin' so charmin' the day,

That the heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."
" 'Tis you that kin flatther," Miss Biddy replies,
And throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes.

2. "Arrah, thin," cries Patrick, "'tis thinkin' av you
That's makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's thrue!
Sure I've waited a long while to tell ye this same,
And Biddy Maloney will be such a foine name."
Cries Biddy: "Have done wid yer talkin', I pray;
Shure me heart's not me own for this many a day!
3. "I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy,
Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Malloy;
So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy," says she.
"Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that!" says he;
"It's a bit of a flirt that ye are, on the sly:
I'll not trouble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-by."
4. "Arrah, Patrick," cries Biddy, "an' where are ye goin' ?
Sure it isn't the best of good manners ye're showin
To lave me so suddint!" "Och, Biddy," says Pat,
"You have knocked the cock-feathers jist out av me hat!"
"Come back, Pat!" says she. "What fur, thin?" says
he.
"Bekase I meant you all the time, sir!" says she.

BLUE-GRASS.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

Read slowly, and give time for the comprehension of the beautiful thought in this selection. In reading the fourth paragraph, note inflection and emphasis, and study the whole lesson in connection with Lesson 9, on rate or movement.

1. ATTRACTED by the bland softness of an afternoon in my primeval winter in Kansas, I rode southward through the dense forest that then covered the bluffs of the North Fork of Wildcat. The ground was sodden with the ooze of melting snow. The dripping trees were as motionless as granite. The last year's leaves, tenacious lingerers, loath to leave the scene of their brief bravery, adhered to the gray boughs like fragile bronze. There were no visible indications of life, but the broad, wintry landscape was flooded with that indescribable splendor that never was on sea or shore — a purple and silken softness, that half veiled, half disclosed the alien horizon, the vast curves of the remote river, the transient architecture of the clouds, and filled the responsive soul with a vague tumult of emotions, pensive and pathetic, in which regret and hope contended for the mastery. The dead and silent globe, with all its hidden kingdoms, seemed swimming like a bubble, suspended in an ethereal solution of amethyst and silver, compounded of the exhaling whiteness of the snow, the descending glory of the sky. A tropical atmosphere brooded upon an arctic scene, creating the strange spectacle of summer in winter, June in January, peculiar to Kansas, which, unseen, cannot be imagined, but once seen can never be forgotten. A sudden descent into the sheltered valley revealed an unexpected crescent of dazzling verdure, glittering like a meadow in early spring, unreal as an incantation, surprising as

the sea to the soldiers of Zenophon as they stood upon the shore and shouted "Thalatta!" It was *blue-grass*, unknown in Eden, the final triumph of nature, reserved to compensate her favorite offspring in the new paradise of Kansas for the loss of the old upon the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

2. Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Exaggerated by tropical heats and vapors to the gigantic cane congested with its saccharine secretion, or dwarfed by polar rigors to the fibrous hair of northern solitudes, embracing between these extremes the maize with its resolute pennons, the rice plant of southern swamps, the wheat, rye, barley, oats, and other cereals, no less than the humbler verdure of hillside, pasture and prairie in the temperate zone, grass is the most widely distributed of all vegetable beings, and is at once the type of our life and the emblem of our mortality. Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

3. As he reflected upon the brevity of human life, grass has been the favorite symbol of the moralist, the chosen theme of the philosopher. "All flesh is grass," said the prophet; "My days are as the grass," sighed the troubled patriarch; and the pensive Nebuchadnezzar, in his penitential mood, exceeded even these, and, as the sacred historian informs us, "did eat grass like an ox."

4. Grass is the forgiveness of nature — her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place, and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidden pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

5. One grass differs from another grass in glory. One is vulgar, and another patrician. There are grades in its vegetable nobility. Some varieties are useful; some are beautiful; others combine utility and ornament. The sour, reedy herbage of the swamps is base-born. Timothy is a valuable servant. Redtop and clover are a degree higher in the social scale. But the king

of them all, with genuine blood royal, is BLUE-GRASS. Why it is called blue, save that it is most vividly and intensely green, is inexplicable; but had its unknown priest baptized it with all the hues of the prism, he would not have changed its hereditary title to imperial superiority over all its humbler kin.

CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The rendering of this selection will require varied pitch, and should be assigned with Lesson 5, on the Forms of Voice. The piece also constitutes a fine drill on pitch, and may be studied in connection with Lesson 7, on Modulation.

1. How SWEET the chime of Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, and pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells — sweet bells.

2. “Ye purifying waters swell!”
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
“Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scripture saith.
Oh, swell! ye rising waters, swell!”
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

3. "Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch Church bell.
4. "In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers, a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.
5. "Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began.
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.
6. "In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;

There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

7. "The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well! speed well! speed well! speed well!"
Pealed out the Independent bell.
8. "Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven.
Do not invoke the avenging rod;
Come here, and learn the way to God.
Say to the world farewell! farewell!"
Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.
9. "To all the truth we tell—we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free.
Repent! believe; have faith! and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen.
Salvation's free, we tell—we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

10. Neatly attired, in manner plain,
Behold a pilgrim — no spot, no stain —
Slowly, with soft and measured tread,
In Quaker garb — no white — no red.
To passing friend I hear him say:
“Here worship thou — this is the way —
No churchly form — it is not well;
No bell, no bell, no bell, no bell.”
-

SOCKERY SETTING A HEN.

Use this selection to enliven the recitation period, by assigning it to those who can best render it. There are very many pupils who are otherwise good readers, but who should not attempt to render this selection. It is absolutely necessary that the person who reads it correctly should have heard this dialect spoken, but not necessary that he should have ever spoken the Dutch or German language.

MEESTER VERRIS — I see dot mosd efferpoty wrides someding for de shicken bapers nowtays, and I tought praps meppe I can do dot too, as I wride all apout vat dook blace mit me lasht summer. You know—oder of you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me, “Sockery,” (dot is mein name,) “vy dond you put some of de aigs under dot olt plue hen shickens? I dinks she wants to sait.” “Vell,” I sait, “meppe I guess I vill;” so I bicked out some uf de best aigs und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side of de haymow, poud five six veet up. Now, you see, I nefer vas ferry big up und town, but I vos putty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn’t reach up dill I vent and get a parrel do shtant on; vell, I klimet on de parrel, und ven my hed

rise up by de nesht, dot olt hen gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel he break, und I vent town kershlam; I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel before, put dere I vos, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't get me oud effervay; my fest vas bushed vay up unter my armholes. Ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom and see me shtuck in de parrel up to my armholes, mit my face all plood and aigs, she shust lait town on de hay und laft und laft, till I got so mat I sait, "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me out?" Und she set up and sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town;" den she lait back und laft like she vood shblit herself more as ever. Mat as I vas, I tought to myself, Katrina, she sbeak English pooty goot, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" und she see dot I look booty red, so she said, "Of course I vill, Sockery"; den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I took holt de door sill, und Katrine she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet, "Donner und blitzen! shtop dat; dere is nails in de parrel!" You see de nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey shticks in me all de vay rount. Vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naypor Hausman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off. Vell, he koom, und he like to shblit himself mit laf too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I get up mit half a parrel around my vaist; den Katrina she say, "Sockery, wait a little till I get a battarn of dot new oferskirt you haf on," but I didn't say a vort. I shust got a knife out und vittle de hoops off und shling dot confountet olt parrel in de voot-pile.

Pimeby ven I koom in de house Katrina she sait, so soft like,

“Sockery, dond you goin’ to but some aigs under dot olt plue hen?” Den I saft, in my deepest woice, “Katrina, uf you effer say dot to me again, I’ll get a pill of wriding from de lawyer from you,” und I dell you, she didn’t say dot any more. Vell, Mr. Verris, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it,—I git a pox.

THERE ARE NO DEAD.

J. S. M’CREERY.

Read with slow rate, effusive form, and rather low pitch. Refer to Lessons 5 and 6, on Voice and Quality, and find similar selections. The last line forms a good example of the monotone.

1. THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven’s jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.
2. There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
3. There is no death! An angel form
Walks o’er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away;
And then we call them — “dead.”
4. Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them — the same,
Except in sin and pain.

5. And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is *life*: THERE ARE NO DEAD.
-

DOWN TO SLEEP.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

1. NOVEMBER woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill;
The morning snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."
2. I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sounds there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."
3. Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good-night."
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

4. November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us "down to sleep."
-

THE STORY OF THE FLAG.

EDWARD T. BARBER.

Read the following with moderate rate and expulsive form of voice. The pitch must be varied to suit the different parts of the selection. Also, pay attention to inflection and emphasis. Study in connection with Lesson 7, where similar selections will be found.

1. THERE is a subtle passion within each human heart
That sets the pulse to throbbing, and makes each fiber start;
That stirs the soul to frenzy in battle's stern array,
Or cheers the weary traveler in countries far away;
That prompts each human being with heart and voice to cry:
"All hail thee, glorious banner! Mount upward to the sky!"
Wherever fate may find him, whenever he beholds
His country's banner hoisted, and the breeze caress its folds.
2. But why the Turkish people, crushed 'neath the Sultan's heel,
Or why the people of the Czar, who to that despot kneel,
Should feel the *same emotion* as the people of a land
Whose banner stands for *liberty*, we do not understand.
And yet the Turk will rally 'round the crescent and the star,
The Russian people gather 'neath the eagles of the Czar;

And each will fight as bravely, and each as loudly cry:
"All hail our glorious banner! Mount upward to the sky!"
 As if their waving banners were bulwarks of the free,
 Upheld by Freedom's goddess, that all the world might see.

3. If *they*, with such devotion, 'round such a flag will stand,
 O children of Columbia, who occupy a land
 Where in each freeman's ballot, and in each starry fold
 Of that banner floating o'er us, is a story that is told
 To the men of every nation, to the men of every clime,
 And is carved in burnished letters on the Pantheon of Time,
 Of how our noble sires once in Freedom's holy name,
 Did trample on the despot's rule and rend the tyrant's chain;

4. And then to make a banner that would represent their deeds,
 That would stand for *perfect freedom* to *all* people and *all*
 creeds,
 They took their bloody footprints, left on the driven snow,
 And made those stripes of red and white that set our hearts
 aglow;
 Then, reaching upward, took the stars, their freedom to
 imply,
 And placed them on a background with the azure of the
 sky;—
 Shall *we*, whose banner represents *the brotherhood of man*,
 Be any less heroic than the tyrant's servile clan,
 Whose highest sense of duty, to country or to flag,
 Is bowing down in rev'rence, and evermore to drag
 The chains of despotism which bind their spirits down,
 To regulate their actions by the tyrant's smile or frown?

5. *No!* Hoist that flag *forever* o'er the rampart of your hearts;
Humanity will bless it for the lesson it imparts.

It makes the despot tremble as it flutters in the gale;
He fears that gentle flutter far above his people's wail.

And as the weary sailor, while many leagues from shore,
Is cheered by fragrant breezes that have gently wafted o'er
Some far-off fertile island, with its groves of spice and palm,
And in passing thus were laden with the perfume of its
balm,—

So the *down-trodden people*, of every land and clime,
With gladdened hearts are turning to this flag of source
divine.

They breathe in every zephyr that has kissed its starry fold
The spirit of our sires who that banner did uphold.

6. *O children of Columbia!* each acting well his part,
Will wear that banner graven on the tablet of his heart;
Will speed the message onward, o'er all the land and sea,
“The stars and stripes are waving for all humanity;”
Will shout, “*Wave on, Old Glory!* Thy stars and stripes
shall float

O'er peaceful school-bell music, or warlike bugle's note;”
Will feel his pulses throbbing to the music of the drum
No more than when, in times of peace, his duty whispers,
“*Come!*”

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Before reciting this selection, a few questions as to the construction of a flag, its proper proportions and parts, and its origin, will add interest to the recitation. Also, question class as to the author, and the positions which he held.

1. THERE is the national flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely?

2. Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

3. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present.

4. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor. blue for justice; and altogether, bunting, stripes, stars and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

A COMMON THOUGHT.

HENRY TIMROD.

1. SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers that be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.
2. At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness,—Hist! oh, hist!
3. In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.
4. As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

OLD IRONSIDES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The following brief poem was written by Dr. O. W. Holmes, when it was proposed to dismantle the celebrated United States war-ship, the *Constitution*. On account of her remarkable success in surviving the attacks of hostile fleets, she was popularly called "Old Ironsides." Most of the lines require full, round, pure, ringing tones, and should be read with moderate rate.

1. Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!
2. Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!
3. Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave!
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave!

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

MR. SCHMIDT'S MISTAKE.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

1. I GEEPS me von leetle shtore town Proadway, und does a pooty goot beesnis, but I don't got mooch gapital to vork mit, so I finds id hard vork to get me oll der gredits vot I would like. Last veek I hear aboud some goots dot a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he would gief me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple of days. He gafe me der refusal — dot is, he sait I couldn't haf dem — but he sait he would gall on me und see mine shtore, und den if mine shtanding in peesnis vas goot, berhaps ve might do somedings togedder.

2. Vell, I vas behint mine gounter yesterday, ven a shentleman gomes in und dakes me py der hand und say: "Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve." I says "Yaw," und den I dinks to mine self, dis vas der man vot has dose goots to sell, und I musd dry to make some goot imbressions mit him, so ve Gould do some peesnis. "Dis vas goot shtore," he says, looking roundt. "bud you don't got pooty pig shtock alretty." I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat 'bout a tousand tollars vort of goots in der blace, so I says: "You ton't would dink I hat more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle shtore, aint id?" He says: "You don't tole me! Vos dot bossible!" I says: "Yaw." I mean dot id vos bossible, dough id vasn't so, vor I

vas like Shorge Vashingtons ven he cut town der "olt elm" on Poston Gommons mit his leetle hatchet, und gouldn't dell some lies about id.

3. "Vell," says der shentleman, "I dinks you ought to know petter as anybody else vot you haf got in der schtore." Und den he dakes a pig book vrom unter his arm und say: "Vell, I poots you town vor dree tousand tollars." I ask him vot he means py "poots me town," und den he says he vas von off der dax-men, or assessors of broperty, und he tank me so kintly as nefer vos, pecause he say I vas sooch an honest Deutscher, und didn't dry to sheat der goferments. I dells you vat it was, I didn't veel any more petter as a hundord ber cent. ven dot man valks oudt of mine schtore, und der nexd dime I makes free mit sdrangers I vinds first deir peesnis oudt.

NEGRO PRAYER.

O LORD, bless de teacher who come so far to 'struct us in de way to heaven. Rock her in de cradle of love. Backen de word of power in her heart dat she may hab souls for her hire, and many stars in her crown in de great gitten-up mornin', when de general roll is called; and when all de battles is over, may she, full kivered wid victory, be buried wid de honors of war and rise to wear de long white robe in glory, and walk de shinin' streets in silvern slippers, down by de golden sunrise, close to de great white throne, and dere may she strike glad hands wid all her dear scholars, and praise you, O God, forever and ever, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"ROCK OF AGES."

The following selection is a good drill in variation of the voice. The simple voice of childhood, the careless tones of girlhood, the pleading accents of womanhood, the trembling strains of old age, and the piping voice of sorrow are all to be imitated. It adds much to the effect of the piece if the one who renders it can sing the words of the song.

1. "Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June.
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune —
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."
2. "Let me hide myself in Thee,"—
Felt her soul no need to hide:
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer —
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."
3. "Rock of ages, cleft for me,"—
'T was a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.

Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer —
“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

4. “Rock of ages, cleft for me,” —
Lips grown agèd sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,—
“Let me hide myself in Thee,”
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
Who life’s thorny path have prest;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest —
“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

5. “Rock of ages, cleft for me.”—
Sung above a coffin-lid;—
Underneath, all restfully,
All life’s joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow’s roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,—
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

1. THE maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know the story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.
2. The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder!
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon a field of battle.
3. The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,

With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

MRS. HEMANS.

1. WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.
2. Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!
3. Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!
4. Give back the lost and lovely! Those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;

The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—
 But all is not thine own!

5. To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
 Yet must thou hear a voice — Restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee! —
 Restore the dead, thou sea!
-

THE SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.

All are aware that great plainness of speech is characteristic of the Scotch people. This is carried even into their devotions, and many have heard of the Scotchman who, it is said, in his prayer "talked to his Maker as if he was his ain herd-callant" [herd-boy]. A Scotchman of this character offered the following prayer at family devotions.

1. O LORD! our Lord! We beseech Thee to hae maircy on thy puir sinfu' creeturs noo addressin' Thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and deal kindly wi' them.

2. For thy maircy's sake, and for the sake o' mair than we daur weel name to Thee, hae maircy on oor Rab. Ye ken yersel' he is a wild, mischievous callant, and thinks na mair o' committin' sin than a dog does o' lickin' a dish. But put thy hook intil his nose, and thy bridle intil his gab, and gar him come back to Thee wi' a jairk that he'll na forget the langest day he haas to live.

3. And, O Lord! hae maircy on our Jamie, and endue him

wie some spunk or smeddum to induce him to act for himsel', for if ye dinna he'll be but a banacle i' this world and a back-sitter i' the next.

4. Thou hast added ane to oor family. [One of his sons had married against his will.] So haas been thy will; it wad niver hae been mine. But if it is of Thee, do Thou bless the connection; but if the puir fule hae done it out o' carnal desire and against a' reason and credit, may the cauld rain o' adversity settle on his habitation.

5. And, O Lord! hae maircy on our neighbors, partikalarly them that haas disagreed wie us, and if ye canna be wie us in this dissension, O Lord, dinna be wie them, for the whale clan would rejoice at the downfa' of thy servants noo addressin' Thee.

6. Mak' us iver to prosper, and we will always love Thee. Amen.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2. Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

3. Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

4. There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5. All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

.

6. Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

7. He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

EVENING AT THE FARM.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Study the following in connection with Lesson 6, on Quality. A good opportunity is here given to drill on the falsetto tone. The calling of the cows, "Co', boss!" should be given in this tone, and in a higher pitch. Vary the tones to imitate voices of boy, milkmaid, and farmer.

1. OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;

In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

2. Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying horse his master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling —
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

3. Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowling, pushing, little and great;

About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
 While the pleasant dews are falling;—
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
 Soothingly calling,
 “ So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, “ So! so, boss! so! so!”

4. To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
 The heavy dews are falling;—
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
 Singing, calling,
 “ Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!”
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, “ So, boss! so! so!”

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The first part of this selection should be rendered in the orotund voice, with moderate rate, giving special attention to emphasis and inflection. The seventh paragraph is a good example of comparison or antithesis, and should be studied under rules 6 and 7 of lesson on Inflection.

1. HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon his throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character; the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose or reigned or fell.

2. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and wealth and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest, acknowledged no criterion but success, worshipped no God but ambition, and, with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

3. Subsidiary to this there was no creed that he did not profess — there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic, and with a par-

ricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse and wore without shame the diadem of the Cæsars! Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable and all that was novel changed places with the rapidity of a drama.

4. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent. Decision flashed upon his counsels, and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands simplicity marked their development and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn, and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity!

5. The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief or too fanciful for expectation when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces

in his contemplation. Kings were his people, nations were his outposts, and he disposed of courts and crowns and camps and churches and cabinets as if they were titular dignitaries of the chessboard. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

6. It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room, with the mob or the levee, wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown, banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg, dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic, he was still the same military despot.

7. In this wonderful combination his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor, a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue, a subaltern and a sovereign, a traitor and a tyrant, a Christian and an infidel,—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original, the same mysterious, incomprehensible self,—the man without a model and without a shadow.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

JOHN PIERPONT.

The language of firmness and determination characterizes this selection, hence it should be rendered in moderate rate, energetic force, and with final stress. Study the selection under Lesson 10, using it with the examples on page 51.

1. STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
See it in yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will!
2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire!
And before you,—see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!
3. In the God of battles trust!
Die we may; and die we must;
But, oh! where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

CAPTAIN O'HARA.

The following poem was written by Captain O'Hara, of Kentucky, on the occasion of the removal to the cemetery at Frankfort of the remains of Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista. It should be read in moderate rate, medium pitch, and with the orotund voice.

1. THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.
2. No rumor of the foe's advance
Now sweeps upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind.
No vision of the morrow's strife,
The warrior's dream alarms;
Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.
3. Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

4. The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The raptures of the fight.
5. For like the dreadful hurricane
That sweeps the wild plateau,
Flushed with the triumph, yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe;
Who heard the tempest of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."
6. Long had the doubtful conflict raged
Across the surging plain,
For ne'er such fight before had waged,
The fiery sons of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide —
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.
7. 'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his own beloved land
The nation's flag to save.

By rivers of their father's gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too!

.

8. Sons of "the dark and bloody ground,"
Ye should not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Must be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of the brave!

9. Now 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The soldier's sepulchre.

10. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

11. Yon faithful herald's blazoned stone,
With mournful pride shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall mar one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.
-

THE OLD FORSAKEN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

JOHN H. YATES.

Great care should be exercised to avoid measurement or rhythmical display in reading this piece. It is thoroughly simple, and should be read in the style of reflective conversation, with pure tone and in moderate rate.

1. They've left the school-house, Charlie, where years ago we sat
And shot our paper bullets at the master's time-worn hat;
The hook is gone on which it hung, the master sleepeth now
Where schoolboy tricks can never cast a shadow o'er his brow.
2. They've built a new, imposing one—the pride of all the town,
And laughing lads and lassies go its broad steps up and down;
A tower crowns its summit, with a new, a monster bell,
That youthful ears, in distant homes, may hear its music
swell.
3. I'm sitting in the old one, with its battered, hingeless door;
The windows all are broken, and the stones lie on the floor;
I, alone, of all the merry boys that romped and studied here,
Remain to see it battered up and left so lone and drear.

4. I'm sitting on the same old bench where we sat side by side
And carved our names upon the bench when not by master
 eyed;
Since then a dozen boys have sought their great skill to display,
And like the footprints on the sand, our names have passed
 away.
5. 'T was here we learned to conjugate "*amo, amas, amat,*"
While glances from the lassies made our hearts go pit-a-pat;
'T was here we fell in love, you know, with girls who looked
 us through —
Yours with her piercing eyes of black, and mine with eyes of
 blue.
6. Our sweethearts — pretty girls were they — to us how very
 dear —
Bow down your head with me, my boy, and shed for them a
 tear;
With them the earthly school is out; each lovely maid now
 stands
Before the one Great Master, in the house not made with
 hands.
7. You tell me you are far out West, a lawyer deep in laws,
With Joe who sat behind us here and tickled us with straws;
Look out for number one, boys; may wealth come at your
 touch,
But with your long, strong legal straws, don't tickle men too
 much.

8. Here, to the right, sat Jimmy Jones — you must remember
Jim —

He's teaching now, and punishing, as master punished him;
What an unlucky lad he was! his sky was dark with woes;
Whoever did the sinning, it was Jim who got the blows.

9. Those days are all gone by, my boys; life's hills we're going
down,

With here and there a silver hair amid the schoolboy brown;
But memory can never die; so we'll talk o'er the joys
We shared together, in this house, when you and I were boys.

10. Though ruthless hands may tear it down — this lone house,
old and drear —

They'll not destroy the characters that started out from
here;

Time's angry waves may sweep the shore and wash out all
beside —

Bright as the stars that shine above, they shall for aye
abide.

11. I've seen the new house, Charlie; 't is the pride of all the
town,

And laughing lads and lassies go its broad steps up and
down;

But you nor I, my dear old friend, can't love it half so well
As this condemned, forsaken one, with cracked and tongue-
less bell.

MR. BROWN HAS HIS HAIR CUT.

The following selection may be used to give variety or spice to the recitation period. It should be assigned to some one apt in imitating the voices of the persons addressing Mr. Brown. It affords a fine drill in sudden changes of voice and expression.

1. MR. BROWN is one of our most enterprising merchants; he is voted among his friends as being of a very independent disposition: in fact, in some matters, this independence of spirit might be said to amount to eccentricity. One of his striking peculiarities used to be that of wearing his hair very long. His wife had frequently remonstrated with him on his unfashionable appearance, and his daughter had ventured to inquire two or three times when he was going to visit the barber, while some of his more intimate acquaintances had even gone so far as to ask, "Brown, why don't you get your hair cut?"

2. He had borne these questions and comments for some time in dignified silence, but at last, feeling that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and also being warned by the singing of the birds and the blossoming of the trees and the uncomfortable feeling of his winter overcoat that spring was at hand, he determined one morning on his way down-town to his place of business to drop in and have his hair cut, which he accordingly did.

3. After this he repaired to the warehouse, entered his private office, and sat down to look over his mail. Presently Mr. Thompson, the senior partner, came in with a budget of papers. "Ah! good-morning, Mr. Brown; if you are at leisure I would like you to look over this invoice of goods. Here are two or three items that—" then suddenly glancing up, "why, Mr. Brown, you've been getting your hair cut; really it is a great improvement." "Ah! thank you," replied Mr. Brown, with a satisfied

smile. They proceeded with their business, and in a few minutes the junior partner entered. "Here is a letter from Field & Co., inquiring about those goods that were ordered last week. Now, don't you think there has been — Why, Mr. Brown, you've had your hair cut!" "Yes," said Mr. Brown, in a rather more dignified tone than that in which he had responded to Mr. Thompson; "I have been getting my hair cut."

4. Presently the head clerk entered the office. "Mr. Adams is out in the store and would like to see you a few minutes if it is — Oh! why, Mr. Brown, you've had your hair cut!" "Yes," said Mr. Brown, in an exceedingly dignified tone, "I've had my hair cut."

5. He went out into the store to see Mr. Adams. As he passed by the desk he heard the head bookkeeper whisper to another: "Brown has been to the barber's;" while an errand-boy, who was dangling his legs from the top of a high stool, called in a stage whisper to a boy several feet away: "Hey, Tommy, look at the boss,—he has had his hair cut!" By this time Mr. Brown's temper was slightly ruffled. But Mr. Adams is one of those genial men who always has a smile on his countenance, and he advanced to meet Mr. Brown with extended hand. "Good-morning; this is delightful spring weather, now isn't it? Winter has — Well, I do declare, Brown, you've had your hair cut!" Mr. Brown's reply was short, but to the point. "Yes — I — have — had — my — hair — cut." Every word was emphatic, and Mr. Adams felt that, although it was spring weather outdoors, the inside temperature had suddenly fallen below freezing-point.

6. Without further preliminaries they proceeded at once to business. Just as Mr. Adams was leaving, Mr. Brown's daugh-

ter entered. She was evidently in a hurry, and told her errand without delay: "Ma has just had a telegram from Mr. Allen, and he and Mrs. Allen will be out to lunch, and ma wants you to come right home and order the carriage and go to the depot to — O pa! you've really had your hair cut! I'm so glad," she exclaimed delightedly, clasping her hands.

7. Mr. Brown waited to hear no more, but pushing his hat down as far as possible on his head, he rushed out on the street and boarded the first car that came along. It was quite a little distance to his home, and by the time he reached there his feelings were somewhat soothed. He put his latch-key in the door, but before he had time to turn it the door was opened from within, and his wife threw her arms about his neck.

8. "Oh! I am so glad you've come; I want you to take the carriage and go right down to meet Mr. and Mrs. Allen; I should be so mortified to have them come and not find you there to — Why, my dear, you've had your hair cut, haven't you?" she said in her sweetest tones. Mr. Brown glared at her so wildly she was frightened. "Yes, I've had my hair cut!" he growled out, as he rushed through the house and to the stable. "Patrick, put the grays to the large carriage as soon as possible." "Yis, sor; they'll be ready in fifteen minutes," and then as a smile overspread his features, he said in his broadest brogue: "Och, sure, and ye've been havin' your hair cut!" By this time Mr. Brown's feelings were too deep for utterance. A hen was standing near looking at him out of one eye in a meditative manner; as a slight relief he gave her a kick, which she immediately resented by flying on top of a barrel, and giving utterance to one loud, prolonged cut-de-cut-cut-got-your-hair-cut-t-t-t.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

When it was certain that the "Declaration" would be adopted and confirmed by the signatures of the delegates in Congress, it was determined to announce the event by ringing the old State House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" and the old bellman posted his little boy at the door of the hall to await the instruction of the doorkeeper when to ring. At the word, the little patriot scion rushed out, and, flinging up his hands, shouted, "Ring! ring!! ring!!!"

1. THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down:
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered, each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.
2. As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of chestnuts
Was all turbulent with sound.
3. "Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O! God grant they won't refuse!"

“Make some way, there:” “Let me nearer:”
“I am stifling!” “Stifle, then;
When a nation’s life’s at hazard
We’ve no time to think of men.”

4. So they beat against the portal —
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled:
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

5. Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

6. See! see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,—
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

7. Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"Ring!"- he shouts aloud; "Ring! Grandpa,
Ring! O, ring for liberty!"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.
8. How they shouted! what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phœnix,
Fair Liberty arose!
9. That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives — forever young!
And while we greet the sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rung out our independence —
Which, please God, shall never die!

THE BURNING SHIP.

The following should be read with rapid rate, full force. There will also be found passages for special pitch. "Fire!" should be uttered with explosive force.

1. THE storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Save when the wild lightning illumined in wrath.
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God, 'mid the hurricane wild,
"O Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"
2. It passed,—the fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship like an arrow divided the spray;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle a tune,—to whistle
a tune.
3. There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed her fond babe to her breast,
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
"Oh, happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore.
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;

Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall;
 The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
 And the children that sport by the old oaken tree."
 Ah, gently the ship glided over the sea.

4. Hark! what was that? Hark! Hark to the shout!
 "Fire!" Then a tramp and a rout, and a tumult of voices
 uprose on the air; —
 And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer
 That she offered to God in her agony wild,
 Was, "Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"
 She flew to her husband, she clung to his side,
 Oh there was her refuge whate'er might betide.
 "Fire!" "Fire!" It was raging above and below; —
 And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
 And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
 'T was vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip;
 The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,
 And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher.

5. "O God, it is fearful to perish by fire."
 Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
 "Great Father of mercy, our hope is in Thee."
 Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
 They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave.
 First entered the mother, enfolding her child:
 It knew she caressed it, looked upward and smiled.
 Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
 And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day; —
 And they prayed for the light, and at noontide about,
 The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.

6. "Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail!" cried the man at the lee,
"Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us, they see us, the signal is waved!
They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us:
Huzza! we are saved."
-

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

The following should be given in rather rapid rate, with sudden changes in the voice, to imitate the persons speaking. The voices of four persons are to be imitated—the boy, the mother, the "bald-headed man," and the person relating the story; and all these in quick succession, if the piece is to be given with effect.

THE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a care-worn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious signs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence, "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometime, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed, "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight, look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed,

“Madam, hereafter, when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. If I can’t find another seat on this train, I’ll ride on the cowcatcher, rather than remain here.”

“The bald-headed man is gone,” said the boy; and, as the woman leaned back, a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

The following should be rendered in narrative style, and will require pure tone, moderate rate, and varied force, as different events are related. Gesture should be studied in connection with this selection.

1. HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown —
The only man who didn’t back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
2. That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
The flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, back they reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
3. And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,

Thundered the battery's double bass —
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept —
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

4. Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
5. How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons — size of a dollar —
With tails that country folks call "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.

Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

6. Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
And striplings downy of lip and chin,
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,
Glanced as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out of their youthful lore,
With scraps of slangy *repertoire*:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," and begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off —
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

7. 'T was but for a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown,

Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw
In the antique vestment and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there.
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of the old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.
So raged the battle. You know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns, a practical man,
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

8. That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.
-

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

1. MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword:
His truth is marching on.

2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps:
His day is marching on.
3. I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”
4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
-

NATIONS AND HUMANITY.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

1. It was not his olive valleys and orange groves which
made the Greece of the Greek, it was not for his apple orchards
or potato-fields that the farmer of New England and New

York left his plow in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

2. So, with the passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So, Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely, and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, that army must still march, and fight and fall.

3. But countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations he is a man. The end of his human destiny is not to be the best German or the best Roman, or the best father; but the best man he can be.

4. History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together toward one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

5. But still the march proceeds,—slowly, slowly over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crime,—advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the con-

stellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals.

6. We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion,—love of freedom and love of God,—are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look and learn justice, while they tremble; to us the nations look and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the “Old World” are our teachers.

7. Our faith is in God and the right; and God himself is, we believe, our Guide and Leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error, and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God’s good time, and in clearer sky and purer atmosphere our national life grow stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and true.

8. And so with our individual hearts, strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

NIAGARA.

BRAINARD.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD was born in Connecticut, in 1796, and received his education at Yale College. Most of his poetic effusions were first published in the newspaper of which he was editor. The following lines show vivid conception, with the power of graphic expression. It is worthy of remark, that the poet never saw Niagara. He died in 1828.

1. THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
2. Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

1. How DEAR to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew:
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well!
2. That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell:
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.
3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD.

The following selection should be rendered in a falsetto tone, in a high key, and at a rapid rate.

1. BAH! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd better have taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, DO YOU HEAR THE RAIN? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's Day!

2. Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose on me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring out of the house all the time. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There, do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks,—always six weeks,—and no umbrella!

3. I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather. I'm de-

terminated. No! they shall stay at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder whom they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

4. But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes! I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that,—and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in bucketfuls, I'll go all the more.

5. No! and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence?—two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who is to pay for them? I can't pay for them; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do, throwing away your property and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas.

6. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, DO YOU HEAR IT? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course!

7. Nice clothes I shall get, too, tramping through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Need n't I wear them, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it is 'nt often I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But, when I go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

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8. You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

9. And I should like to know how I am to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would n't go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we're to have we sha'n't have at all, because we've no umbrella.

10. The children, too, dear things, they'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home. They sha'n't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they should n't; you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel; they shall go to school; mark that! And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault. I did n't lend the umbrella. Caudle, are you asleep? (A loud snore is heard.) Oh, what a brute a man is! Oh, dear, dear, d-e-a-r!

THE INQUIRY..

CHARLES MACKAY.

Read with moderate rate, middle pitch, and observe the quality of voice required for the answers at close of each stanza. The whole piece requires a smooth, subdued tone of voice, but it should be read earnestly.

1. TELL me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered —“ No.”
2. Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs —
Where sorrow never lives and friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer —“ No.”
3. And thou, serenest moon, that, with such a lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded —“ No.”
4. Tell me, my secret soul — oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered —“ Yes,
IN HEAVEN!”

A PARENTAL ODE.

THOMAS HOOD.

This selection is introduced to practice class on the reading of parenthetical expressions. The words inclosed in parentheses require not only a lower tone, but should be read with more rapid rate.

1. THOU happy happy elf!
(But stop — first let me kiss away that tear) —
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin —
(My dear! the child is swallowing a pin!)

2. Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air —
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents — (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

3. Thou cherub, but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey

From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! — that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)

4. Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon that table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life —
(He's got a knife!)

5. Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on, my elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

6. Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

CHILDREN.

JOHN NEAL.

1. What are children? Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose, and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows, and there another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly as to attract everybody's attention, while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the island. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it as it deserves to be answered: what are children?

2. To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation, perhaps,—“Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;” or “Men are but children of a larger growth;” or, peradventure, “The child is father of the man.” And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and your answer, having “plucked out the heart of the mystery,” and uttered, without knowing it, a string of glorious truths.

3. Among the children who are now playing together, like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air, happy

and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters; among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age,—but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber and the burglar, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. The child is father of the man.

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4. Yet “of such is the kingdom of heaven.” The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, each with a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it!

5. Blossoms! They are the blossom of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dewdrops! They are dewdrops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind or the next flash of sunshine may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

6. Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery,—a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery!

7. Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the seashore. They abound, not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

ALEXANDER SMART.

1. BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men, as brothers, is better than gold.
2. Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.

3. Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love and the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.
4. Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

OUR STATE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1. THE south-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold.

2. Rough, bleak and hard, our little State
Is scant of toil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone;
Her only mines are ice and stone!

3. Yet on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands;
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.
4. The riches of the commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.
5. For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Plymouth Rock;
And still maintains with milder laws
And clearer light the good old cause;—
6. Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The following discourse was pronounced by President Lincoln, March 4, 1865, on the occasion of his being for a second time inducted into the office of President of the United States. The language of firmness and determination characterizes this piece, and it should be given moderate rate and in the orotund tone.

1. **FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:** At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

2. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

3. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this

interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

4. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

5. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid

by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

6. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

THE CRANE READERS.



First Reader, Page 122.

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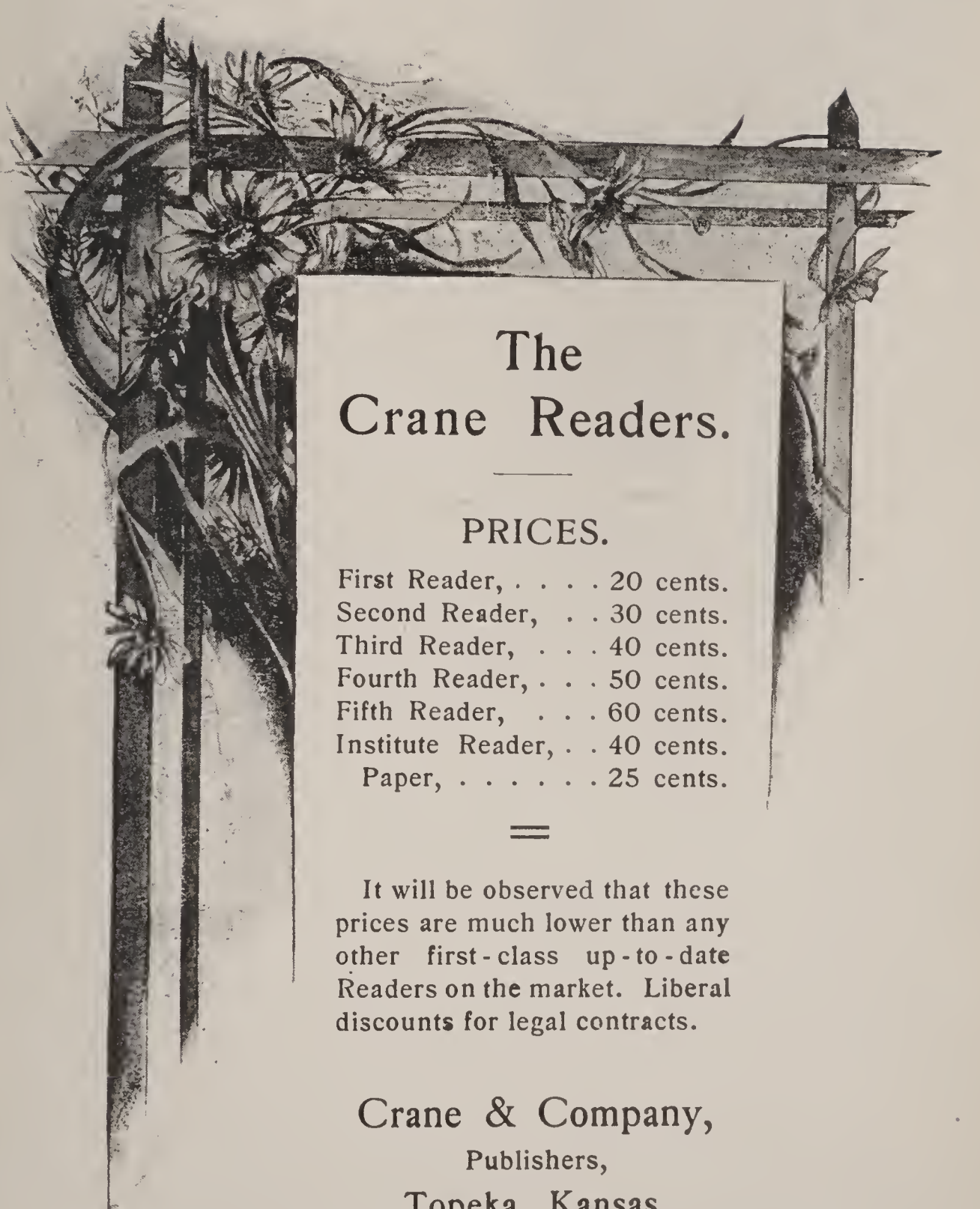
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